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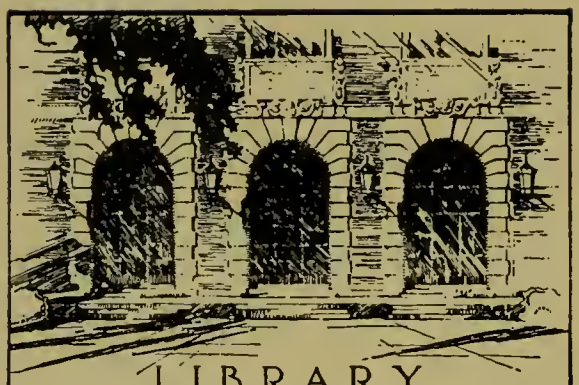

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MARY SEAHAM.

A NOVEL.

BY MRS. GREY,

AUTHOR OF "THE GAMBLER'S WIFE,"

&c. &c.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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MARY SEAHAM.

CHAPTER I.

Then close and closer, clinging to his side,
Frank as the child, and tender as the bride,
Words, looks, and tears themselves combine the balm,
Lull the fierce pang, and steal the soul to calm!

THE NEW TIMON.

TREVOR returned. Arthur Seaham entered the house one afternoon, having been out in the grounds with Mr. de Burgh to find Mary and Eugene in the drawing-room together.

The meeting between the intended brothers-in-law was cordial enough to satisfy even Mary's anxious wishes on the occasion, and she was delighted to sit by Eugene's side and hear

the two converse together with the ease and fluency of those who have made up their minds to like, and to be liked by the other. Arthur, standing up before the fire, his clear eyes all the while scanning, with a critical interest he attempted not much to disguise, the countenance and expression of his sister's undeniably handsome intended—a scrutiny which, had Mary's love for Eugene been of a less assured and confiding character, might have made her a little nervous for the result, for she knew well her brother Arthur's glance to be a very Ithuriel spear in the way of discernment and discrimination; that although so young and guileless of heart, when compared with many of his age, he was clearer and wiser of head than many of more years and greater worldly experience, and that no outward gloss, no specious disguise could blind or beguile him to bestow admiration or approval where it was not deserved.

As it was, since he had prepared her for his being very critically disposed, she was obliged to rest satisfied, when, the first time they were

alone together after this opening interview, Arthur pronounced his decided satisfaction as to the good looks of his intended brother-in-law, but to her more anxious question, of "And you really like him?" he replied; "And I am sure I shall really like him very much when he has proved himself as thoroughly good a husband as I can desire for my dear Mary."

She laughed, and told him he was very cautious, but she must make allowances, poor fellow! for she still believed him to be a little bit jealous; an imputation well founded or not, as it might be, Arthur did not attempt to contradict; and perhaps—particularly as time went on, and day after day he saw more plainly in how strong a manner was his sister's heart enthralled by this her new affection—how hopelessly the stream of former interests, former feeling had turned into this new-formed channel. How, though he had found her sisterly love still unimpaired, it could now form but a tributary stream to the full abounding river which had arisen to engulph her heart; nay, more, experiencing how He, the once chief object of her

affection, had become as nothing in comparison with the exalted place he had before held in her regard, how in her lover's presence he must feel himself as nothing, or even *de trop*—and in his absence but the temporary substitute, ill able to divert the yearning sigh, the longing look, the anxious thought for the beloved one's return.

No wonder if the young man did experience, as many are compelled to suffer under similar circumstances, a sensation slightly analogous to the one of which his sister had playfully accused him—and therefore was compelled to be still more watchful over himself, lest such sentiment might in any degree interfere with the just and unprejudiced estimate he desired to take of Eugene Trevor's merits.

"'Tis difficult to see another,
A passing stranger of a day,
Who never hath been friend or brother,
Pluck with a look her heart away;
'Tis difficult at once to crush
The rebel murmur in the breast,
To press the heart to earth, and hush
Its bitter jealousy to rest,
And difficult—the eye gets dim,
The lip wants power to smile on *Him*."

But on one point Arthur Seaham soon became fully satisfied, and much did it tend to overcome any invidious promptings of the heart against his future brother; for the young man's love towards his sister was in the main most essentially unselfish. Day by day showed him only more surely, not only how she loved Eugene—but the ardour and devotion with which she was also beloved by him.

It was impossible to be daily and hourly the witness of their intercourse—to watch the anxiety with which he regarded her every motion; the earnest attention with which he hung upon her every word—the adoring affection with which he gazed upon her sweet expressive countenance, and not be assured that his love was, for the present at least, deep, earnest and sincere?

And was not this enough to disarm the brother of all present criticism, and divert the more close and jealous inquiry which must come hereafter. To continue in the words of that favourite poet, from which we find ourselves so often quoting, as coming so naturally and

gracefully to our aid in description of the present case.

"I never spoke of wealth or race
To one who asked so much from me;
I looked but in my sister's face,
And mused if she would happier be;
And I began to watch his mood,
And feel with him love's trembling care,
And bade God bless him as he wooed
That loving girl so fond and fair."

* * * * *

And Trevor—he was able with perfect sincerity and unreserve to satisfy Mary's mind as to his unfeigned admiration and approval of her darling brother. There was no jealousy to interfere here, on his part.

Jealousy? Ah! the most prone to such infirmity, could with difficulty have conjured up the shadow of an excuse for similar weakness in his case. Had he not won over—secured to himself as much, quite as much exclusive love as he could either desire or deserve? Besides, we have by this time perceived that Trevor was by no means a man

unable to appreciate the good and beautiful in mind and character; and how much of these were to be found in his young brother-in-law elect! He entered with the most kindly interest into his plans and prospects for the future, and often as he watched Arthur Seaham's countenance — as to all professing any interest in the matter, he with open-hearted animation discoursed, or laid before them his views or intentions connected with his future career—the half regretful, half admiring gaze with which Eugene Trevor regarded the young man, might have seemed to express the question to be rising in his mind, as to when he could remember to have been so young, so pure, so fresh, so open, happy-hearted.

When indeed?

Perhaps never, Eugene Trevor; for there are minds, in which—like the fruits and flowers of foreign climes, matured by the sunshine of an hour—passions, tastes, principles, incompatible with youth and purity and openness of heart, have either, by nature or the foreign sun of circumstances, struck their roots and flourished in

the very morning of their possessors' lives, and thus, their very youth has been like age.

Once Arthur Seaham rode over to Montrevor with Eugene Trevor. He came back in high spirits, pleased with the place, and amused with the expedition altogether.

"You will have a fine old home, Mary," he said, "some of these days, for Trevor tells me everything will be altered, whenever the house is his, and that during his father's lifetime, he does not suppose you and he will be a great deal there, but live in London, and other places, which perhaps is as well, considering it might be rather a gloomy home for a permanence if matters continued as they now are; what with the dear old close father, and that fine-lady housekeeper, from whom I received a very cynical glance, as I stumbled upon her in the passage, and who holds, it seems, such a tight hand over her master and his establishment. But I don't object to the old gentleman himself, either. No! he is a rare old Solomon, and was very civil and flattering to me, with reference to his approval of his son's choice of such a

modest, discreet, well-behaved young lady, for my sister. He even was so kind as to make amends for a very indifferent luncheon—(Trevor was obliged to give me on the sly) by presenting me at parting with an excellent piece of advice. His son had begun enlightening him as to my intention of entering upon the profession of the law, for the purpose of making money, which I saw at once raised me immeasurably in his estimation, and leading me aside when we were about to start, with so mysterious and important an expression, that I began to imagine that the jolly old fellow was going to present me with five hundred pounds on the spot, he whispered anxiously in my ears, as if my very life depended on what he was about to say :

" 'That's right, young Sir, that's right—make money—make it as long and as much as you can. Make money—make money—and then,' with a very expressive and emphatic pause, 'and then —keep it.' "

Mary could not help laughing at her brother's ludicrous description, though she told him he

was an impertinent boy, thus to deride the foibles of her venerable father-in-law. As to anything in his character—or even aught with reference to Marryott, as at all affecting her happiness at Montrevor—seemed to cast no shade of anxiety over her mind. On this point she was as uncareful and unforeseeing as became those traits in her general character we have before remarked.

"By the bye," exclaimed her brother, either *à-propos* to reflections to which his late visits at Montrevor had given rise, or with reference to hints Mr. de Burgh had once or twice let fall upon the subject, "by the bye, I want to ask you what has become of Trevor's unfortunate brother?"

Mary was unable to give the required information.

"The fact is," she said, "the idea is one so very painful, even to me, that I never bring a subject forward which must undoubtedly be one doubly distasteful and distressing to Eugene. He never broaches it himself—I will, however, ask him the question whenever I may have the opportunity. It might be a comfort to him if

I once broke the ice and conversed with him sometimes on the subject."

It was therefore in consequence of this kindly intentioned resolve, that one day when walking alone with Eugene through the park home from church, he—talking in a more confidential tone than was his usual wont, on matters connected with his family affairs, and affecting their future prospects—she placed her hand on his, and with the gentlest, tenderest sympathy in her tone and manner, murmured, "And where, Eugene, is your poor brother?" But she repented ere the words had passed her lips; for Eugene perceptibly started, and paused abruptly for a single moment, turning a wild, quick glance upon her, whilst though he answered but by the single word "Abroad!" it was enough to show that his voice was thick and husky as he thus replied. In a moment, however, he seemed to recover himself from the very great shock her abrupt, and as she feared, ill-judged question had occasioned him, and passing his hand across his brow, quickly pursued his way.

Grieved at what she had done, Mary walked on in silence; till Eugene, as if he feared she must have been impressed by the signs of emotion into which he had been surprised, suddenly began to laugh, although the laugh had in it a tone constrained and unnatural.

"I fear, Mary, I frightened you just now," he said, "but the fact is, you rather frightened *me* by your sudden question. It sounded almost as solemn and startling as the same inquiry must have done to Cain after—after you know what wicked deed."

"Indeed, dear Eugene?" Mary answered with concern, yet inwardly surprised at the careless tone and manner her lover had now assumed with reference to that distressing subject.

"I am sorry, very sorry, I pained you by my abruptness, but the sad subject was so much in my thoughts at the moment, and I had so long wished to ask you something about your poor brother, that—"

"Oh yes—of course—certainly, my dearest Mary, I quite understand, and shall be very

glad to give you some information concerning the poor fellow. Just at the first start you must suppose it rather painful to bring myself to think or speak upon, as you justly observe, so very sad a subject. My poor brother is, as I said before, abroad, travelling I believe — of course under guardianship. He was," and his voice faltered as if from strong emotion, "he was in confinement for a very short time, but that, thank God! was found unnecessary; and now, as I told you, he is abroad. I cannot say exactly where just now."

And having hurriedly uttered these particulars, the delivery of which seemed to cost him much, he passed his handkerchief over his brow, on which, even in this clear fresh November atmosphere, there had been wrung forth some burning drops—and hastened on his pale and pitying companion, who gently pressed his arm in silent token of her love and sympathy.

"Mary," he murmured in a low agitated tone, fervently returning that mute acknowledgment, "Mary, you will never forsake me?"

"Forsake you, Eugene! why should I forsake you?"

"Not even if they told you I was unworthy of you—if they tried to separate us by lies and false inventions?"

"Dear—dear, Eugene, what can make you talk thus?—forsake you! never: even if they were so wicked. Why even if you were really what they represented—"

"What—what? you would not forsake me *then?*"

"Cain's wife forsook not her husband, and yet his crime was greater than anything you could ever have committed," she answered in a gentle, cheerful voice.

"True—true—true," hurriedly he replied, (but why had he been fool enough to put Cain into her head?) —"True, dear Mary, you are an angel, but then Cain's faithful friend was his wife. I meant, if *before* we were married, they tried to separate us by such measures,—or if for instance," he added quite cheerfully and naturally, "if, as you quite seem to think possible, I I am sorry to perceive, I did turn out a villain."

"Then," Mary answered firmly and gravely, "the course of conduct I must pursue would be a question of right and wrong; it is difficult for me indeed, to realize to myself such a position of affairs; but I know—I feel," with a self-accusing sigh, "what my heart would at present dictate—that I could never of my own accord forsake you, Eugene—never could cancel the engagement which binds us to each other—unless indeed," she added, "you, Eugene, should desire it."

"*I* desire it!" he repeated with a laugh of tender scorn, "what in the world could now arise to render our separation, for a day even, desirable in my eyes? No, the time will soon be here when, you know, Mary, what you have promised—that we shall never again be obliged to part."

Strange—strange world of contradiction; strange indeed, that in so very brief a space of time the same enthusiastic speaker should be the first—

But we must not anticipate.

CHAPTER II.

The nuptial day was fix'd, the plighting kiss
Glowed on my lips; that moment the abyss,
Which hid by moss-grown time yet yawned as wide
Beneath my feet, divorced me from her side.
A letter came—

THE NEW TIMON.

"THERE is a tide in the affairs of man," and Mary's we have seen, from the time of her first arrival at Silverton, has seemed to run on to the full, with a most uninterrupted flow of smooth prosperity most alarming.

It was quite the latter end of November that the first break in the party assembled at Silverton was occasioned by the departure of Arthur Seaham for Scotland, where he went for the purpose both of seeing his sister Alice,

and arranging several matters of business, and at the same time to consult his brother-in-law, Mr. Gillespie, whose opinion and legal experience he held in high estimation, concerning the measures to be adopted with reference to his intended professional studies.

By Christmas, however, Arthur would be in London, and there again meet Mary, who in less than ten days from his departure was to accompany the de Burgh's to town, Trevor also proceeding thither.

Mrs. de Burgh had persuaded her husband that it was quite indispensable for her well-doing that her confinement—expected in January—should occur under the auspices of a celebrated London practitioner, and Mr. de Burgh, very persuadable on this anxious point, had taken a house for the occasion.

"And then of course," Mrs. de Burgh resumed complacently, "we shall remain for the season. I shall then be able to look out for a nursery governess for the children, and be in town for your wedding, dear Mary, all quite comfortably."

Mary, nevertheless, was not to continue the guest of her cousins in Brook Street, though they expressed their willingness to accommodate her therein; she preferred, all things considered, to avail herself of the invitation of her former guardians, the uncle and aunt Majoribanks, to visit them in their roomy mansion in Portman Square.

Trevor was anxious that his marriage should take place, if possible, very early in the spring, and the preliminaries necessary to that event were to be set on foot immediately after the assemblage of the aforesaid parties in town; whilst to thicken the plot, and to render the aspect of coming events still more *couleur de rose* in the eyes of the happy *fiancée*, the morning before Arthur's arrival, Mary received a letter from her sister Agnes, announcing—along with many delighted and affectionate congratulations from the late bride on the event, which was to render her dear Mary, she hoped, as happy as herself in her new estate—the joyful news of her intended return to England in time to take upon herself the

management and superintendance of her sister's wedding; for kind Sir Hugh insisted that it should be his part to give the wedding breakfast, at the best house he could take for the occasion; whilst at the same time, it seems the worthy baronet and his young wife had gone so far as to decide that the intended couple could do no better than repair to the baronet's seat in Wales after the happy event for, their honeymoon, Glan Pennant being now let to strangers.

* * * *

Poor Mary! she had been taking a long and delightful ride with her lover the day after Arthur left Silverton. There had been no shadow, no cloud, cast upon the calm, confiding transport of her heart, as they discussed together their happy prospects—the episode of that Sunday walk had never been in the slightest degree renewed, nay, seemed as if by either party quite forgotten.

Trevor was more gay, more gentle, more tender this day than she had ever seen him; and when he lifted her from her horse at the

door at Silverton, and as he did so, caught the faintest sound of a gentle, breeze-like sigh heaved from her bosom, he, with an anxious solicitude which made Mary smile, looked into her face, and asked quite fearfully, "why she so sighed?"

"I do not know, indeed, dear Eugene," was the reply, "unless it be that I am *too happy*."

* * * *

The following morning, Mary and the de Burghs were assembled at the breakfast-table, the children present as usual, but Eugene had not yet made his appearance; his letters, or rather his letter, for there was but one this day, lay as usual by his plate on the table.

"Louey, put that letter down; have I not told you a hundred times, not to pull about other people's things?" called out Mr. de Burgh to his young daughter, whose meddling little fingers seemed irresistibly attracted by the red seal upon this unopened document, as well as by the endeavour to test her literary powers by deciphering the printed letters composing the post mark.

"Louey, pray do as you are told, and do not

make your papa so cross and fidgetty," her mother rejoined.

"Just like the rest of her sex," remarked Mr. de Burgh, sarcastically, "always fond of prying and peeping. I have little doubt, but that if I were not here, the seal and direction would be carefully inspected by more than one pair of ladies' eyes—eh, Mary?"

Mary with playful indignation denied the insinuation, whilst Mrs. de Burgh was exclaiming contemptuously, that he always had such bad, absurd ideas, when the discussion was terminated by the entrance of the unconscious object of the conversation, who after having finished his morning greeting, proceeded to seat himself at the table, and seeing his letter, took it up, glanced at the direction and broke the seal, while Louey, who after her last received reproof, had slid round to Mary's chair, convicted and ashamed; with her large dark eyes watched this proceeding on Eugene's part with the most attentive interest.

The first cover was thrown aside—another sealed letter was enclosed—at that direction he

also looked, and even the child, had she watched his countenance instead of his fingers, might have been struck by its immediate change; the deep flush succeeded by the deadly pallor which overspread his face. He gave a quick uneasy glance around, but no one was observing him, and then again fixing his eyes anxiously upon the address, was about to turn and break the seal, when his elbow was touched, and the little girl who had glided round to possess herself of her former object of ambition—the seal on the discarded envelope — now whispered in his ear:

"Don't break that beautiful seal—give it to me."

Trevor started, and looked at first as much confused and disconcerted, as if he had been required by the young lady to yield the letter itself for public inspection; but recovering himself in a moment, he, as if mechanically, obeyed the child's injunction, tearing off the impression; and thus recovering her prize, together with another polite request, from her father, not to be such a tiresome bore, she returned with it to

her former refuge, laying it before Mary for her particular inspection, who glancing carelessly towards the impression, perceived it to be the Trevor coat-of-arms, together with the initials "E. T."

Eugene in the meantime having hastily glanced his eye over the writing inside, thrust the letter into his pocket, and proceeded to make a hasty but indifferent breakfast.

He did not join the ladies as usual during the few first hours of that morning—but Mr. de Burgh informed them in answer to their inquiry, when he came once into the drawing-room, that "Trevor was sitting in the library, deep in meditation over the 'Times.'" At last he made his appearance for a short time, and sat down by Mary's side, but in so very abstracted and absent a mood, that she began to be possessed with secret misgivings that something had occurred to annoy him, though she kept this feeling to herself.

Mrs. de Burgh's quick perception also discovered that something was indeed amiss, and she playfully told Eugene that he was very

stupid, and must take another ride with Mary after luncheon to brisk him up.

But looking down on the ground, in the same altered moody manner which characterized his present demeanour, he murmured that he was afraid he should be obliged to leave Silverton early in the afternoon.

Mrs. de Burgh, on hearing this, and struck still more by his peculiar manner, glanced inquiringly at her cousin, and was preparing to rise in order to leave him alone with Mary, when Eugene suddenly got up from his chair, and, making some excuse for absenting himself, quitted the apartment.

Mary made no remark on this demeanour of her lover, but silently and quietly pursued her occupation. It was not in her nature, as we before remarked, to fret or torment herself, or others, by easily excited fears, or fanciful misgivings. She was fearful, indeed, that Eugene was suffering under some temporary anxiety or annoyance, occasioned, perhaps, by the letter he had received that morning; but nothing more serious entered her imagination.

Eugene did not come in to luncheon, but of that meal he seldom partook, and when once, through the open door, Mary caught sight of him standing darkly in an adjoining room, his eyes fixed earnestly upon her, she smiled her own sweet, affectionate, confiding smile, which he returned with a kind of subdued, melancholy tenderness. She found herself at length in the drawing-room alone, and heard Eugene's step slowly approaching. He half opened the door, and seeing that no one was with her, entered the apartment. She held out her hand as he drew near, and seizing it, he pressed it passionately to his lips.

"Mary," he murmured, in a low, thrilling tone, whilst he gazed long and earnestly into her face, till her soft eyes shrank, like flowers at noon, beneath the dark, wild gleam which shone upon them. "My dear, good, best-beloved Mary," then his arm encircled her waist, he pressed her trembling form against his heart, imprinted a burning kiss upon her lips, and ere Mary had recovered from the first strong surprise with which this sudden ardour

in her lover's conduct naturally inspired her, he had left the room, and Mrs. de Burgh entering soon after to ask her to drive, she heard that Eugene was gone!

CHAPTER III.

Still must fate, stern, cold, reproving,
Link but to divide the heart—
Must it teach the young and loving
First to prize and then to part.

L. E. L.

THE second day after Eugene Trevor's departure, Mary received a letter from him, short, hurried, though affectionate, and mentioning that some troublesome and rather annoying business obliged him to leave Montrevor. He did not say for how long, or where he was going, but Mary sent her letter, in answer, directed to Montrevor.

She did not hear from him again.

There wanted but two days to the one fixed

for the journey to London. The preparations necessarily preceding the removal, as well as her naturally patient and tranquil disposition, had hitherto prevented Mary from dwelling too uneasily on her lover's silence. After all, it had only been for a few days, and she knew him to be naturally no great letter-writer. The tiresome business which had taken him from home probably engaged much of his time and attention, and he was anxious to have it over before they met again.

But when, on coming down to breakfast the morning of the above-mentioned day, her anxious glance for the wished for letter was again disappointed, she could not forbear giving vent to the anxious exclamation, "No letter again from Eugene!"

She glanced as she spoke towards her cousin Louis, and perceived his regard fixed upon her, with so anxious, so grave an expression of concern, that her heart instantly misgave her, though she said nothing more at the time.

Mrs. de Burgh entered the breakfast-room soon after, looking quite unconscious, merely

inquiring of Mary what news the post had brought; and only remarked that Eugene was a very idle fellow, when Mary's dejected silence bespoke her to have been disappointed in the results of its delivery; immediately after breakfast Mary heard Mr. de Burgh say, "Olivia, I wish to speak to you in the library," an unusual occurrence, unless there was anything of very especial consequence to be communicated, and then she heard the door shut upon them.

She waited half an hour in a state of anxious suspense, which in vain she strove to reason with herself was unnecessary and uncalled for. What had this interview to do with her — with Eugene? But no—it would not do; her heart still beat nervously in her bosom, and she strained her ears at every sound, to listen whether it might not be the opening of the library door, and her cousin's appearance, to reassure her, no doubt, silly apprehension.

Mary was reminded by all this of her feelings on the occasion of her anticipated interview with Louis, after his having been informed of her

engagement with Eugene, and the step she had taken to put an end to the nervous impulse under which she then had laboured.

No doubt she would find her intrusion on this occasion perfectly uncalled for; but still her presence was never unwelcome, and to relieve her mind of its present uneasiness, she could at that moment have braved any contingency.

So to the library she proceeded, opened the door, and entered.

"But what is the use of telling her anything about it, poor thing! till she gets to London? For Heaven's sake, wait till then."

This was what she heard; and if there had been any doubt on Mary's mind, as to whether these words bore reference to herself, the confused and disconcerted countenances of both Mr. and Mrs. de Burgh, when they became aware of her presence, too fully assured her on that point; and advancing, pale and trembling, towards her cousins, she at once faltered forth:

"Louis—Olivia! have you heard anything of Eugene? Is he ill? or what has happened?" and then she burst into tears.

"No, no, dear Mary, there is nothing the matter with Trevor—he is quite well."

Mr. de Burgh hastened to confirm this, and in the gentlest, kindest manner made her sit down by his side.

"The fact is," he said, "I have had a letter from him this morning, which may possibly damp your spirits a little for the moment, although it can, of course, be of no ultimate importance, only defer expected happiness to a remoter period."

Mary, drying her eyes, anxiously waited for him to proceed.

"Trevor writes me word that his marriage, owing, it seems, to some rather serious business, must of necessity be postponed, he does not say till when. But you see," he continued, breaking off into a more cheerful and encouraging tone of voice, "there is nothing so fatally unfortunate in this."

No, indeed, it was not the bare fact those words conveyed which bowed down Mary's trembling spirit, and gave such wan and wintry sadness to the smile with which she attempted

to acknowledge her cousin's comforting words. It was not the mere intelligence that her marriage was postponed which fell like a cloud upon her soul, it was that dark presentiment which often on occasions of less or greater magnitude assails the mind of man, that the happy prosperity of his life has reached its culminating point: that the point is turned, and henceforth it must take a downward course.

"But why," she faltered, now glancing towards Mrs. de Burgh, who sat silent and distressed, "why did he not write and tell me this himself?"

"I think, dear Mary, Louis had better tell you what Eugene said in his letter, which was to him, not to me. I will come back presently," and rising, Mrs. de Burgh kissed Mary's pale cheek, and gladly made her escape from the thing she particularly dreaded—painful circumstances over which she could have no control; so Mary once more turned her plaintive glance of inquiry upon her cousin Louis.

"Here is his letter!" Mr. de Burgh replied; "if you would like to read it, it may be as well

that you should do so, as it is all I know, or understand about the matter."

Mary took the letter in her trembling hand, and steadying it as she could—read in her lover's hand-writing the following communication, which, from the concise, unvarnished manner in which it was conveyed, led one rather to suspect that it had never been intended for the eye of his tender-hearted lady-love, but, with the well-known proverb respecting "fine words," &c. uppermost in his mind—penned rather for the private benefit of one of his own strong-minded species.

"Dear de Burgh,

"You will, I am sure, be surprised, when I tell you that circumstances have lately arisen which render it impossible that my marriage can take place as soon as I had hoped and expected. I need not tell you that my distress and vexation are extreme, the more so, that I am forced to be convinced of the expediency, nay, necessity of this postponement, finding it quite impossible, under the present position of

affairs, that with any justice to Mary, our union could be concluded. Of course more particular explanation will be required; but I write this merely to beg that either you or Olivia will break to her this intelligence, of which I feel it right she should not be kept in ignorance, I am myself quite unequal to communicate with her upon the subject. Tell her only that I am concerned and disappointed beyond expression, that I will write to her brother more fully, or to any of her friends who may desire it; but that I cannot, dare not, trust myself to put pen to paper to address her till I can see my way more clearly.

"Believe me, ever, dear de Burgh,

"Yours most sincerely,

"EUGENE TREVOR."

A large tear rolled down Mary's cheek as she refolded and laid aside the letter.

"Poor Eugene!" she murmured gently, "how unhappy he seems to be! You will write to him, Louis; will you not?" she added: "If so, do tell him I am grieved, disappointed,

for his sake, but that he must not distress and harass himself on my account—that he must be patient till these obstacles are removed. Our happiness has, till now, been too great and uninterrupted for us to have expected that it could continue without any thing to rise and mar the smoothness of its course; we shall only prize it the more when it is restored, and love each other the more firmly for this little reverse."

"Had you not better perhaps write and tell him all this yourself?" said Mr. de Burgh, with a smile of kind and gentle interest.

"I think perhaps I had better not," she answered sadly. "You see he does not like to write to me upon the subject, so perhaps it would distress him the more to hear from me just now. I know it is a peculiarity in Eugene to shrink from the direct discussion of any circumstance painful and annoying to his feelings. Tell him therefore, also—if you, Louis, will be so kind as to write—not to think it necessary to enter into any particulars at present, with my brother, or any one else. It is quite bad enough for him to be troubled by

these affairs, without further annoyance being added to the business. I am quite satisfied with what he has imparted—quite satisfied as to the expediency and necessity of our marriage being deferred—that I can wait, and shall be content patiently to wait, as long as it shall be required."

Yes, Mary, wait—wait—learn patiently to wait—it is woman's lesson, which, sooner or later, your sex must learn, and of which your meek soul will have but too full experience! The cup of joy so temptingly presented "to lips that may not drain," but instead—the sickening hope deferred—the long heart thirst—yet still to patiently hold on, awaiting meekly her lingering reward. "Bearing all things, believing all things, hoping all things, enduring all things."

The few last days previous to a departure, is under any circumstances, generally a somewhat uncomfortable and unsettled period. Our Silverton party were doubly relieved by its expiration. Eugene's letter seemed to have cast a damp over their general spirits.

Mrs. de Burgh, evidently puzzled and perplexed, was at a loss how to treat the subject,

when discussing it with Mary; whilst Louis, far from seeming elated at this hitch in an affair of which he had always professed such unqualified disapprobation, was evidently sorry and annoyed at this disturbance of his cousin's peace of mind, and whilst more than ever, kind and affectionate in his demeanour towards herself, was unusually out of humour with every one around him.

As for Mary, she walked about more like a person half awakening from a long and happy dream, who feels herself struggling hard not to break the pleasant spell. It seemed to her, that there was a dull and silent vacuum reigning over the large mansion, she had never before perceived. She looked wearily from the window upon the dreary December scene, and it seemed that almost for the first time she became aware that it was not the bright summer month which had marked her first arrival. She felt that now, she also would be glad to go.

What! glad to leave the spot where, who knows poor Mary, but that the brief bright summer time of your existence has passed and gone? For there is a summer time in the life

of every mortal being—a more or less bright, passionate ecstatic season of enjoyment, though wofully — fearfully evanescent are the flowers and leaves which mark some mortals' summer time.

But why lament for this—if, may be, the autumn with its calm cool chastened light be longer thine?

The morning of departure arrived—and pale and passive in the midst of all the bustle and excitement attendant on the starting of a large family party, composed of servants, children, a lady suffering from the nervous and uncomfortable feelings attendant on her situation, and a rather fidgetty, impatient husband — pale and passive, yet with an inwardly bruised and sinking sensation of the heart, Mary entered the carriage, and was soon borne far away from the vicinity of Silverton and Montrevor.

CHAPTER IV.

Oh, thou dark and gloomy city!
Let me turn my eyes from thee;
Sorrow, sympathy nor pity,
In thy presence seems to be;
Darkness like a pall hath bound thee—
Shadow of thy world within—
With thy drear revealings round me,
Love seems vain, and hope a sin.

L. E. L.

Mary on her arrival in London, went straight to Portman Square, where she was received with affectionate gladness by her venerable relations.

They, of course, had been amongst the first to be made aware of their niece's matrimonial prospects, and proud and happy did the intelligence render the worthy pair. Full and hearty were the congratulations poured upon

the pale and drooping *fiancée*,—to be silenced for the time by the dejected answer :

"Yes, dear aunt, but for the present our marriage is postponed."

After this first ordeal, there was something not ungenial to Mary's state of mind in the orderly and quiet monotony of the old-fashioned, yet comfortable establishment of the Majoribanks. Their daughter was remarkable for nothing but that indolence of habit and disposition which a long sojourn in the luxurious East often engenders, and made little more impression upon Mary's mind, than the costly shawls in which the orientalized lady at rare intervals appeared enveloped ; whilst some little creatures, chattering in an outlandish tongue, and attended by a dark-hued ayah, only occasionally excited her present vague, languid powers of interest and attention.

London in December bears by no means an inviting and exhilarating aspect ; still there are moods and conditions of minds with which at this season it better assimilates than in its more bright and genial periods. No glare,

or glitter, or display then distracts our spirits. Over the vast city and its ever-moving myriads, seems to hang one dark, thick, impenetrable veil, beneath whose dingy folds, joy and misery, innocence and crime, indigence and wealth, alike hurry on their way, undistinguishable and indistinct. Men are to our eyes "as trees walking,"—by faint, uncertain glimpses we alone recognise the face of friend or foe, who see us not—or, in our turn, are seen, by those we unconsciously pass by.

Then, and there, in the "dark grey city," more than in "the green stillness of the country," we can retire into the sanctuary of our own sad hearts—or beneath this vague and dreamy influence the poet's heart may wander undisturbed, and as he "hears and feels the throbbing heart of man," may calmly image forth his destined theme for thought, or song. "The river of life that flows through streets, tumultuous, bearing along so many gallant hearts, so many wrecks of humanity;—the many homes and households, each a little world in itself, revolving round its fireside,

as a central sun; all forms of human joy, and suffering brought into that narrow compass; and to be in this, and be a part of this, acting, thinking, rejoicing, sorrowing with his fellow-men."

Poor Mary! she too went forth, and walked, or drove, as beneath one dim, broad shadow; everything without her and within, vague, dreamy, and indistinct, except when some pale face or dark eye startled her momentarily from her trance, by their fancied or seeming similitude to that loved being, whom some suddenly eclipsing power, like the one now veiling the wintry sun, had hidden from her aching sight,—but of whom, each day, she lived in sure but anxious anticipation of receiving tidings either in person or by letter.

Mary had not written to her brother Arthur on the subject of Eugene's letter till she came to London, then so lightly did she touch upon the matter it contained, giving her brother merely to understand that her marriage was deferred for a short period; that he only in his reply expressed pleasure at the idea that he was not to lose her quite so soon, and at the

same time mentioned his intention of remaining in Edinburgh a little longer than he had previously intended, according to the urgent solicitations of his sister Alice, who had so few opportunities of enjoying the society of her relations—and at the same time, for the more interested purpose of reaping as long as he was able the benefit of his lawyer brother-in-laws' valuable counsel and assistance on the subject upon which his mind was so keenly set; affording so excellent a preparation for those regular studies, in which, after the Christmas vacation, he was to engage as member of the Middle Temple.

And thus the affectionate brother remained in perfect ignorance that anything was amiss in the concerns of his favourite sister, during this protracted absence. But the old couple of course soon began to require some more defined explanation as to the state of affairs, and an interview with Mr. de Burgh, when he called one morning to see Mary, did not tend to throw any very satisfactory light upon the subject. All that he could inform them concerning

the matter was, that some business was pending, which would prevent the marriage from taking place as soon as had been intended; that Mrs. de Burgh had heard from her cousin, Mr. Trevor, who seemed to be considerably distressed by this impediment, and to shrink from holding any direct communion with his betrothed until matters had assumed a more favourable aspect; that he announced his intention of coming up to town as soon as he could possibly leave his father, who was suffering from another dangerous attack of illness. Until such time he, Mr. de Burgh, supposed there was nothing to be done, particularly as Mary's own solicitations were most urgent to that effect; and she, indeed, poor girl, always professed herself perfectly satisfied that all was right.

Ah, how could it be otherwise? the bare idea was treason to her confiding, trustful heart.

Mary did not see a great deal of Mrs. de Burgh after her first arrival.

It is astonishing how great a barrier a few streets and squares of the metropolis can form

against the intercourse of dearest and most familiar friends. Mrs. de Burgh was ill at first and uncomfortable herself, and it only distressed her to see Mary under the present unsatisfactory aspect of affairs. Then her confinement intervened, and after that she was surrounded by other friends, whose society was unassociated with the painful feelings, which by that time had occurred to throw a still greater constraint over her intercourse with the pale, sad Mary.

How characteristic this is of the general friendship of worldly people. How warm, how bright, has been the affection showered upon us when we were gay, glad, or hopeful. But let some cloud arise to dim our aspect, let our spirits droop, our brow be overcast, then, though they may not love us less—though they may feel for and pity us, nay, would do much to restore our happiness, if in their power; yet if that cannot be—then—"come again when less sad and sorrowful, when your lips once more can give back smile for smile — when your voice has lost these notes of deep dejection, *then*, oh, come again, and we will with open arms receive

you, and our love be as fond, as fervent, as unconstrained; but till then — away! you chide our spirits, you restrain our mirth."

This is the language which seems to breathe from every altered look and tone of our worldly friends.

* * * *

Mary went one day to see her cousin. She found Olivia on the sofa, looking a little delicate, but only the more beautiful from that cause, as well as from the subdued, softened expression of her countenance.

Her husband sat affectionately by her side, the brightest satisfaction beaming from his handsome features, gazing upon his lovely wife, and new-born son, a fine healthy infant, resting on the mother's bosom.

It was altogether a perfect picture of happy family prosperity, and tears of heartfelt pleasure rose to Mary's eyes at the sight.

She wished and prayed that it might be an earnest of the establishment of a happier and better state of things between that married pair; that the long slumbering, or diverted demonstra-

tion of affection, now reawakened or recalled, might never again be put to silence, or lose their reasserted power. Alas! for the transitory nature of pure and holy influences like the present, upon the light, inconstant, or the wordly hearted; influences of time, or circumstances, which like the shaken blossoms of the spring, the breath of vanity or dissipation can in a moment dispel and scatter to the ground.

"They never came to fruit, and their sweet lives soon are o'er,
But we lived an hour beneath them, and never dreamed of more."

At least thus we regret to say, it proved with regard to any temporary influence to which Mrs. de Burgh might have been subjected. For her convalescence, and the allurements and temptations of the ensuing season, tended too surely to the overthrow of those hopes and aspirations, in which poor Mary so rejoiced, in behalf of her cousin Louis and his beautiful wife. But this is wandering from the regular progress of our story.

CHAPTER V.

I am not false to thee, yet now
  Thou hast a cheerful eye ;
With flushing cheek and drooping brow,
  I wander mournfully.

Thou art the same ; thy looks are gay,
  Thy step is light and free,
And yet, with truth, my heart can say,
  I am not false to thee.

MRS. NORTON.

SPRING was fast advancing. Arthur Seaham had returned some time from Scotland, and had entered as a student of the Temple. The Morgans had arrived in London, yet the cloud seemed only to thicken the more round Mary's prospects.

The friends had ceased to pain her ears by any open animadversion of her lover. They

seemed to wait in moody silence the issue of affairs; the dangerous and precarious condition, in which they had ascertained that his father still remained—giving rise, in a great measure, to the idea suggested by a vague hint from the son, that on this circumstance depended the removal of the impediment which he professed had arisen against his marriage —still excusing his non-appearance.

And Mary—though not to hear mention of that beloved name, was to her almost as great an agony, as to know that injurious and supicious thoughts were silently harboured in the breast of those around her, against that one loved being; and though her cheek day by day was becoming more pale, her heart more sinking—yearning for her lover's exculpation—yet more she still lived hopefully, trustfully, sure that all would eventually be right.

Day by day, she thought "he will be here," sometimes that he might even then be in London, only waiting to make his presence known until his anxious consultations with his lawyers had set his mind more at rest.

Mary was sometimes induced to accept the urgent solicitations of her sister Agnes to accompany herself and Sir Hugh, to such places of public amusement as the yet early season rendered admissible.

Lady Morgan, blooming and happy as ever youthful wife could be; with her indulgent husband, upon whom his continental sojourn, together with the influence of his handsome young spouse, had produced quite a polishing and refining effect, were established in a fashionable hotel, for the short space of time which now, alas! that there was no marriage to be celebrated, they intended—this season—to remain in London.

One night, when on the point of issuing from their private box at one of the minor theatres, where they had been witnessing the performance of a famous actress, a party of men, who had apparently occupied one of the lower boxes on the same side of the house, rushed quickly past, laughing and talking with light and careless glee.

Some glanced slightly on the young Lady

Morgan; who happened to stand forward at the time, and whose appearance momentarily attracted their attention; but Mary, without being seen from her position behind her sister, caught sight of the party as they passed.

Why did the beatings of her heart stand still—that sick faint chill creep over her? could it be—oh, could it indeed be Eugene! nearly foremost of that group, whose dark eye had flashed that cursory glance upon her sister, as he hurried by—whose voice, in that well known cheerful laugh (at least so it had ever been to Mary's ears) had echoed on her heart, her anxious, longing, saddened heart?

Oh! could it be—and was it thus she now beheld him—he, whose last embrace still thrilled her frame—whose parting kiss still lingered on her lips — unconscious of her presence, careless, unthinking of her grief.

Yes, thus she first beheld him, for whom she had so long watched and waited,—and wept, when none were near.

"Mary dear, are you there?" her sister said looking back, when they had stepped out into

LIBRARY

the passage. "But, my dear darling, how pale you look. Sir Hugh," she exclaimed quite reproachfully to her husband, "pray give Mary your arm," and with repentant alacrity the Baronet hastened to offer his assistance to his half-fainting sister-in-law. "It was the heat—the gas," poor Mary murmured; "she would be better when they went into the air."

And she did then seem to revive, and entering the carriage, told not a word of what had occurred to trouble her; nor hinted the fact of having seen Eugene, (if indeed her bewildered fancy had not deceived her), even to her brother, when she saw him on the morrow.

No, still in hope and trust, she waited patiently. The very next night but one after this occurrence, she was again called for by her sister and brother-in-law, to accompany them to the opera, but just re-opened for the season.

Oh! the wistful earnestness of that sad eye, straining its aching sight to discern some inmate of the opposite boxes, of the stalls below, who, for one deceiving moment, made her heart

beat fast, by some fancied similitude with the object of her thoughts. But no, the vision of the night before was not to be renewed on this occasion, though of its reality—which at times she was almost inclined to doubt—she was not to leave the house quite unassured.

Mary and her sister were waiting in the round room, expecting the return of Sir Hugh, who had gone to look for the carriage; Lady Morgan, talking to a gentleman with whom she was acquainted, when Mary's attention was rivetted by the colloquy between two men, who had previously passed them in the vestibule, and near whom they again found themselves standing, evidently without the former being aware of their vicinity.

"Oh, yes!" said one, "that was Lady Morgan, the young wife of the rich Sir Hugh, the Welsh baronet, more than twice her age; a fine looking young woman; but did you see that pale, pretty girl who was with them; do you know that she is Miss Seaham, her sister, Eugene Trevor's intended."

"Ah, indeed? I saw Trevor to-day, and

congratulated him, but I thought he did not seem much to like the subject."

"No indeed; I hear he is rather trying to back out of the affair. Some spoke in the wheel, I suppose about money matters, and the old father who was thought to be dying, seems to have picked up again."

"Well, I should think there were a few things besides money, which would rather stand in the way," was the reply, and then the speakers lowered their voices as they talked on, and Mary heard—and wished to hear no more.

"Dear Agnes, shall we go on? There is Sir Hugh coming," and Lady Morgan felt a gentle pressure on her fair round arm, and looking back, caught sight once more of her sister's pale and piteous countenance.

"My poor, dear Mary, these places certainly do not suit you," whispered her affectionate young *chaperone*, as she passed her sister's trembling arm through hers, and pressed onwards through the crowd to meet her husband. "I must really carry you back

with me as soon as possible to our mountain breezes."

"Would that I had never left them, Aggy!" murmured poor Mary in low plaintive accents, whilst an uncontrollable flood of tears came to her full heart's relief.

* * * * *

The very next day, Mary set out on one of those expeditions, which at this time might be called her only real enjoyment—namely, her visits to her brother in his chambers at the Temple; often, as was the case on this occasion, to bring him back to dine in Portman Square.

The Majoribanks' chariot, with its fat, slow, sleek horses, and steady attendants, being conceded to her special use this evening; she went forth heavy at heart, but anxiously striving to rally her spirits, to meet her brother with that cheerfulness which in his society she ever strove (and found it less difficult than under other circumstances) to assume. It was rather early to proceed straight to the Temple, and therefore Mary had agreed with her aunt, that

she should go first to execute some commissions in the opposite direction.

We can easily imagine from what source alone the interest could spring, with which her sad eyes gazed through the carriage windows, as she passed through some of the streets in this quarter.

Did she not know that somewhere in this vicinity, Eugene always lodged when he came to town. And oh! to be passing perhaps the very door of the house that contained him, was the gasping utterance of her heart, as she swallowed down the tears which struggled upwards at this suggestion.

"But he—he does not care—he can be happy and cheerful without me," was the still more bitter thought which succeeded, as she shrank back in the carriage in dark and tearless dejection.

But from this she is aroused by one of those matter-of-fact realities of common life, which form fortunate and salutary breaks in the tragic, or the romance of man's existence.

The carriage stops before a fancy workshop

in Bond Street, where many colours for her aunt's worsted work are to be matched or chosen.

Mary does not herself alight; but gives a few directions to the well initiated footman, who knows perfectly how to give the order—better indeed perhaps than she herself—and sits in patient abstraction till the man's return. He reappears, puts the parcel into the carriage, then draws abruptly back, for some one has touched his arm, and signs that he should give place.

Mary languidly lifts her eyes, and Eugene is before her. The place and circumstance of this meeting, admitted not at first of any very open demonstration of feeling, such as must necessarily have been excited. A few low, hurried, agitated sentences were uttered by Trevor, as he bent forward into the carriage towards Mary, whose pale lips could scarcely articulate incoherent expressions of her sudden joy.

Then, by a peremptory gesture from the gentleman, the servant is commanded to let down the steps. He obeys. Trevor springs in. The door is closed; a moment's whispered

consultation, and in faltering tones Mary gives orders to be driven to the Temple, and the carriage rolls off in that direction.

Once more alone together—once more by Eugene's side—Mary sees already the cloud dispersed—fear, doubt, misgiving, vanished from her path.

How comes it, then, that misery and bewilderment is the confused impression which this interview shall afterwards leave upon her mind? How is it, that for the most part of that long way, she sits weeping silently, her cold hand trembling in the burning palm of Eugene?—he now in low, despairing accents bemoaning his grief, his pain—now passionately cursing his wretched fortunes, his fatal circumstances?

But no explanation—no hope—no promised deliverance from the sorrow or the evil.

Once, indeed, in a low and hurried tone, he breathed into her ear the notion of a clandestine marriage—a secret union—one to be kept concealed till such a time as the present necessity for secresy should be at an end; the idea pro-

bably suggested to his mind by passing one of those dark, often magnificent, but almost unfrequented churches, so well suited, to all appearance, for the celebration of mysterious rites and secret ceremonies, which rear their heads in some of the close, dark streets of the city. But the firm, though gentle withdrawal of her hand, the look of almost cold astonishment which marked her reception of this desperate proposition, sufficed to convey to Eugene Trevor's mind the full conviction that with all her yielding tenderness, her feminine weakness of disposition, never must he hope to tempt his gentle, pure-hearted love from the right, straight road of principle and duty into any crooked path of deviating, or questionable proceeding.

"No, no, Eugene!" seemed to speak the sadly averted countenance. "No, no, Eugene; the grief, the sin, the shame, whatever it may be, that now stands between us, can never be set aside, be overstepped by such unworthy means as you suggest. I can suffer, I can wait, I can make every other sacrifice for your sake; but I cannot err—I cannot thus deceive."

But suddenly, during the dreary pause that succeeded, Mary's eye recognises some passing object, calling forth a momentary interest in her mind, even in this moment of concentrated absorption of feeling.

She makes a quick forward movement of surprise; but when Eugene looked inquiringly, as if to discern the cause of her apparent interest, the momentary excitement died away, and she answered with melancholy composure:

"It was only that I saw Mr. Temple pass—he of whom, you know, I told you once."

"What—who—Eus—Temple I mean, did you say? Are you certain—quite certain?" he exclaimed, with anxious, eager excitement, far suppassing any which the recognition had excited in her own breast; "are you sure—quite sure that it was he?"

"Yes," with a sigh; "I do not think I could be mistaken, for he looked so earnestly into the carriage; but why—why, Eugene," looking at her lover with a faint, melancholy smile, and some expression of surprise, "why should it thus excite you?"

"My own dear love," Eugene now said, regaining possession of her hand, and trying also to assume a forced smile, as well as tone of careless unconcern, "I was not particularly excited, but you know I cannot help feeling a slight degree of interest in that man after what you told me. And did he see us? you, dearest, I mean?" he continued, still with a degree of anxious solicitude in his tone.

"Yes, I think, I am almost sure, he did," she wearily replied, and then her exhausted feelings sunk her again into a state of hopeless, listless dejection.

And Eugene sat too, for a few minutes, plunged in anxious, thoughtful silence, from which he was aroused by a glance towards the windows, reminding him that they were approaching closely to Mary's destination.

Immediately, with an exclamation of despair, he pulls the check-string and the carriage stops; the servant is at the door. There was but a bewildered hasty parting. Trevor springs out into the street, turns upon Mary one expressive, eager glance, and he is gone! The

carriage proceeds a little way, and then rolls within the Temple gates, and Mary is found by her brother, when he comes hurrying down to meet her, pale, trembling, nearly hysterical, from the effects of all her nerves and feelings had undergone.

CHAPTER VI.

Me, the still "London" not the restless "Town"
(The light plume fluttering o'er Cybele's crown,)
Delights;—for there the grave romance hath shed
Its hues, and air grows solemn with the dead.

THE NEW TIMON.

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time.

LONGFELLOW.

WHAT was the matter?—what had happened?—was Arthur Seaham's anxious inquiry, when having for greater privacy entered the carriage, he had sat a few minutes by Mary's side, tenderly and soothingly holding her hand—till the first paroxysm of emotion, (which to his

astonishment and dismay, greeted his first appearance) was in a degree subsided.

A few broken words, threw light upon the matter. She had seen—she had just parted from Eugene. Arthur pressed no further question at the moment, but proposed taking her up-stairs to his chambers, to give her wine to recruit the poor girl's agitated spirits; but this Mary declined. She only wanted air; she felt suffocated by the heat and confinement of the carriage. She would like to get out, and walk home.

But the brother would not agree to this. It would be much too far for her to walk just now. No, the carriage should wait, and they might take a few turns in the court and gardens. The students were all in Hall—they would be quite undisturbed. To the court then they accordingly proceeded, Mary leaning on her brother's arm, and the quiet refreshment of that quaint old spot, upon this mild spring evening; its fresh green grass plot, sparkling fountain and overhanging elms, just then putting forth their early shoots, and between which the

venerable walls and buttresses, of the Temple Hall, revealed their sober beauties; the sweet notes of a thrush sounding from the garden below. All these combined, affording as it did, so strong a contrast to the din, stir, and turmoil from without, as well as the bewildering disquiet and agitation through which her mind had lately passed, did not fail to produce its soothing influence on poor Mary's nerves and spirits; and seated upon one of the benches of the court, she was able, with tolerable composure, to unburden the trouble of her heart to that dear, kind brother, till it became almost a soothing relief to dilate upon the distressing, and unsatisfactory nature of the late interview with her lover.

Arthur listened sorrowfully and compassionately to his sister's melancholy relation of the blight, which had fallen on the unalloyed happiness of which he had found her in such full enjoyment on his return to England. He remembered her bright and happy countenance then—and the change it now exhibited, so touched and saddened the young man's feelings at the time, that he only held Mary's hand, and

sympathized, soothed, and cheered with words of encouragement—neither expressing blame, anger, or suspicion, against the originating source of all this woe.

But at length when Mary said: "And now, dear Arthur, I want you to assist me, I think something should be done—something ascertained—anything will be better than this miserable state of uncertainty and suspense," he looked up quickly with a sudden, impatient flash from his bright blue eye, and answered:

"Yes indeed, Mary. I think so too, something must, and shall be done."

"But listen to me dear Arthur," she continued mildly. "What I should wish to ascertain woud be, whether, under the present circumstances of affairs—whatever they may be—Eugene's engagement to me, involves him in any unforseen trouble or annoyance; for," she added very sadly, "if I thought that were the case—"

"Would you give him up?" her brother quickly rejoined, with something of pleasurable hope lighting up his countenance, as he seized upon the idea suggested.

"Give him up! Oh, cruel words and easily spoken!" Mary averted her head, but with a deep drawn sigh, and forced calmness, continued: "I could never give Eugene up, unless," and again a sorrowful sigh, as she thought upon similar words spoken in a formerly recorded conversation, "unless Eugene himself desired it; or, that I discovered it was necessary or expedient, to his comfort or prosperity that I should do so. If it were really so; or, should it be more for his ease that some definite period, one of any length, or duration, should be agreed upon, for the postponement of our marriage, he need not fancy I should impatiently shrink from such an engagement. And it is this, that I should like to be conveyed to Eugene. I would write—but writing is so very painful, and unsatisfactory, under such circumstances; I can quite enter into poor Eugene's feelings on that point. I would ask you, dear Arthur, to go and speak to him—if," and she looked anxiously into her brother's face, "if I could be *quite certain*, if I could quite trust you in the matter—if I

could be perfectly sure that you would not allow your jealous affection for myself, to outrun your kindness and consideration towards Eugene. Arthur, if you went to him could you promise. Oh, I am sure you will not take from me the stay, and comfort, I can in this emergency feel alone in you—you will promise that no harsh, reproachful, or uncourteous word shall escape your lips, on the subject of my concerns."

"Mary, dear," the young man replied with still somewhat of a knit and moody brow, "I will do anything to serve and please you; but I only want open and straight forward dealings in this affair. It is all this equivocating, tantalizing mystery that I can neither abide or understand. But," he continued, as Mary again droopingly listened to his words, "I am not so selfish as to let any impatient temper of my own, stand in the way of your comfort or gratification; I will do all that you desire. I will go to Trevor, and *on this occasion*, act and speak, as from your own trusting, loving, self."

Mary's spirit was again calmed and revived by this promise of her brother's, and after a little more anxious conversation on the subject, Arthur Seaham sought further to compose her spirits and divert her mind, before leaving the classic spot in which they found themselves. He conducted her down the Italian descent into the garden with the broad river gliding sluggishly below that parterre, which in the summer months from its trees and flowers, is so deserving of the name, but which a poet's hand has made to bloom with "roses above the real."

He strove also to excite and amuse her intelligent fancy by pointing out, and particularizing some of the principal points and buildings of this ancient and interesting seat of learning, ran over the names of those, who from "the great of old," to more modern, but none the less eminent instances, had either in connection with law, literature, or wit, graced or sanctified its precincts by their presence and abode. And he playfully asserted that, amongst those, he, Arthur Seaham, intended most surely one day to rank.

"Bye the bye, talking of great men, Mary," the young man suddenly exclaimed, "from whom do you think I have had a visit, to-day? From Mr. Temple."

"Indeed!" answered Mary, with no slight display of interest, "then I was right, it really was him who passed us just now."

"Yes, no doubt it was, for he had scarcely left me a quarter of an hour, before you arrived; he is on the eve of leaving England for the continent, and came, I fancy, to carry away the latest intelligence concerning you, Mary; for he made anxious enquiry with regard to your marriage, the report of which, it seems, reached his ears; though it appears he left Wales some months ago, and has since been living, in great seclusion, in some quiet, antiquated nook, in this very neighbourhood. Mary, what can be the history of that man? What a superior being does his countenance, his whole bearing, bespeak him to be, and yet—that some blight has fallen upon his existence, is but too evident. He gives one the idea of some being led forth from a higher sphere,

" 'To act some other spirit's destiny,
Not allowed to hit the scope
At which their nature aims—
Who pass away,' "

continued the young man, in the words of the suggested quotation:

" 'Having in themselves
A better destiny all unfulfilled,
A holier, milder being, unenvolved!'

" But, dear Mary, he is much altered since I saw him last. He was then like one in whom suffering had been nobly subdued, a holy calm seemed to have settled on his soul, a strength, not his own, to have been vouchsafed him. To-day he looked ill in body, and worn in mind. I cannot but think that since that time he has suffered, and is still suffering, from some newly arisen scource of pain, or disquietude; and my dear sister," Arthur added, with a smile of playful accusation, " I cannot help suspecting that you have something to do with the distress, now weighing on the mind of this remarkable, but most mysterious man. The agitation of

his voice and manner when he spoke of you, Mary, was not to be concealed."

"Oh, Arthur, do not say so!" Mary exclaimed, with sorrowful earnestness, shrinking from the idea of herself being the cause of sufferings, such as she now so well could understand, but especially to that good, great, and almost venerated man. "And what did you tell him about my engagement?" she faintly enquired.

"All I knew, Mary; with him I felt reserve to be both useless and unnecessary. He listened to my intelligence with the greatest interest and attention, but in silence, and almost immediately after, arose to take his leave. I ventured to add, that I was sure it would have given you pleasure to have seen him. He shook his head with a sad smile, and said, 'he had seen *you* more than once since you came to London.' Dear Mary, you seem as if doomed to mystery in your lovers; and shall I tell you something more singular still? I was much struck by something in Temple which strongly reminded me of Trevor. Not exactly feature,

and not at all expression, but a something I cannot well define."

Mary sadly shook her head. There had been at times some vague impression of the same kind made upon her own mind; but at present fancy was too languid to realise the suggestion.

They returned to the carriage, for though the early dinner-hour of their kind, old-fashioned relations had been deferred expressly for their nephew's convenience, they almost feared that they should even now have trespassed on the good old people's consideration.

But Mary regretfully parted from the calm and silent spot, over which the shades of evening were now fast gathering, imparting a still greater air of solemn tranquillity to the scene. And often in days to come, when the poignant anguish then and there so softened and assuaged, had again died away, never to be recalled by the powers of memory — the place, and the hour, would float back upon her recollection—like the oasis amidst the parching sterility of the desert, to the grateful

traveller—divested of all but their vague soothing and pleasurable associations.

On their way back to Arthur's chamber door, they fell in with several of his fellow students, just coming out of Hall.

They all respectfully stepped aside, and made way for "Seaham and his sister."

Arthur had already rendered himself not only a most popular and general favourite, but much respected, member of the Temple community, by his sociable, engaging—yet at the same time, steady, gentlemanly, and superior conduct and deportment.

CHAPTER VII.

Oh, what authority and show of truth
Can cunning sin cover itself withal!

SHAKESPEARE.

Thus men go wrong with an ingenious skill,
Bend the straight rule to their own crooked will.

COWPER.

That same night, Arthur Seaham called on Eugene Trevor at the hotel, in which he had easily ascertained the latter to be established.

He did not entertain much hope of finding him at home at that hour, but purposed proceeding there to demand an interview the following day. He was more fortunate than he expected.

He was told that Mr. Trevor was in the house, and it was not a little in Eugene's

favour (in the brother's eyes) that he found him seated in a private room in the hotel, plunged in melancholy meditation, over the remains of a solitary dinner.

He looked up a little startled and surprised, when the name of his visitor was announced; but immediately arose, and shook hands cordially with the young man, expressing his pleasure at seeing him again. Then when the waiter, who staid to clear the table, had withdrawn and closed the door, and Arthur, who had replied to his greeting with somewhat of distant gravity, had seated himself silently on an opposite chair, Trevor at once, with eyes a little averted, said:

"Seaham, I can well guess what business has brought you here to-night. You come, of course, to speak upon the subject of your sister."

"I have come *to-night*, *from* my sister," was the calm, but somewhat emphasized reply.

"Indeed!" with a nervous uncertainty in his tone, which had not been perceptible in his former utterance. "She, Mary, told you, I suppose, of that most wretched meeting this afternoon."

"She did," Arthur Seaham again coldly replied; "and it was the nature of that meeting which made her desirous to communicate with you, through me, feeling herself unequal to treat the subject, as fully and satisfactorily as she had wished, by letter."

He again paused; and Trevor fixed his eyes upon the young man's face in anxious, agitated inquiry.

"You cannot suppose," Arthur continued, with an effort at calm moderation in his tone, "that the interview to which you allude was calculated much to raise my sister's spirits, or throw much light on her present clouded and uncertain prospects."

Trevor bowed his head in moody assent.

"You are quite right," he muttered gloomily, a darkness gathering over his brow; "and it is but natural that you, her brother, should require, and demand, further explanation and satisfaction."

"*That*, I again repeat, is not the point which brought me here on *this occasion*," Arthur rejoined. "I come, bound by a promise to

my sister, to speak and act this night, as in her name and person, therefore, you can rest well assured," with a mingling of bitterness and tender feeling in his tone, "that in her case no explanation or satisfaction is required. No, rather, I have to assure you, that her trust and confidence still remain unmoved, and only for your own sake does she now desire and propose, that matters should be put on a more defined and certain footing; either that she should not be suffered to stand any longer in the way of your happiness or advantage, by the continuance of your now vague and uncertain engagement, or—"

But Trevor, with much eager agitation, at this point interrupted him.

"Mary—your sister," he exclaimed, "she surely cannot, does not wish to give me up?"

The brother looked steadily into the speaker's face, as if to ascertain that the emotion, which by his tone and manner bespoke the excitement this suggestion had caused, was truthfully imaged there; and on the whole he was not dissatisfied by the inspection; at least, if the

deep glow first overspreading his brow, and then the ashy paleness succeeding, could be interpreted as corresponding signs of feeling; and he replied, though with something of suppressed bitterness:

"Her unselfish, womanly nature does not carry her so far. She is willing to make any sacrifice of her own feelings, her happiness, her affections if assured that it would tend to the removal of those—of course unforeseen, difficulties and annoyances"—with some severe stress upon the latter words, "which your engagement to her seems suddenly to have been the means of scattering on your path. Or if not this," he hastily added, as Trevor again made an effort to interrupt him, "or if not this, at least she proposes that some definite period be assigned, during which full opportunity and leisure be accorded you for the arrangement or removal of the present obstacles to your marriage."

Trevor rose abruptly, and for several minutes paced the apartment in agitated silence. Then he returned to his seat, and with more calm determination addressed his companion.

"Seaham!" he said, bending low his head as he spoke, with his downcast eyes only at intervals raised from the ground, "Seaham, let me explain to you a little the circumstances of my present position, and then you will be better able to comprehend the embarrassing perplexity of my affairs."

Arthur looked up hopefully—now at least some light was to be thrown on the impenetrable mystery of the few last months.

"It is a painful subject," continued Trevor, speaking indeed as if with difficulty; "but I must not shrink from breaking it now to you. You are aware of the situation of my unfortunate brother?"

Seaham murmured assent.

"And therefore of the ambiguous position in which I at the same time stand, with regard to my father's property—"

Arthur again assented, but observed, that Mr. de Burgh had certainly given him reason to suppose, that he—Mr. Eugene Trevor's possession of the Montrevor property after his father's death—at least, in trust for his elder

brother, was almost a decided arrangement, and that his inheritance to the most considerable part of his father's large fortune was certain; but whether or not this were the case, his sister's friends had been perfectly satisfied that even as a younger son, he must be amply provided for. Eugene hastened to interrupt Arthur Seaham by saying:

"And believe me, when I declare, that till the day I parted from your sister at Silverton, I never entertained a misgiving as to the possibility of any such obstacle, as I then, to my dismay, found to exist against the speedy completion of my marriage. The state of the case is this: My father is, and has ever been, very peculiar in his pecuniary views and arrangements. He has, as you were made to understand, most surely, and decidedly favoured me, with regard to the inheritance. I do stand in every possible respect in the position of an elder son; but at the same time, he has more than nullified any present advantage such an arrangement could procure for me, by having so arranged his affairs, that during his lifetime I have, under the present circumstances, no power to make any settlement on my wife."

"Under what circumstances?" quietly demanded the embryo lawyer.

"That brings me again to that one most painful point. If the present state of my unfortunate brother was clearly ascertained, then, perhaps, proceedings, from which our feelings in the first instance shrunk, might be taken, which would effectually do away with the ambiguity of my present circumstances and position."

"And why cannot the fact you mention be ascertained?" persisted Arthur, though in a tone of the most delicate consideration.

"Because," answered Trevor, with a hesitation and embarrassment of manner, which passed well for painful emotion, "because, for the last few years, my brother has entirely eluded the *surveillance* of his friends and guardians. No clue can be found, no trace of him discovered. Every search and enquiry has been—and still is in prosecution; some doubts even are entertained as to his death." He paused; then passing his hand over his brow, as if to prevent further discussion of a subject against which his feelings sensitively shrank, he finally added: "My lawyer will confirm what I have said, con-

cerning the exertions I have made on this point, if you like to refer to him," and he mentioned the name and address of the family man of business.

Arthur Seaham mused in silence for several minutes; then said:

"I am therefore to understand, that during the life time of your father, or till your brother's destination is ascertained, no further steps can be taken with regard to your marriage. One circumstance rather surprises me, that your father, aware as he must have been of the restraint thus imposed upon your powers of making a settlement upon your wife, allowed you to involve yourself so far in a matrimonal engagement. Nay, seemed in a certain degree to favour, and encourage your design."

"That," Trevor replied, "I fear is only to be understood by those, who are as well acquainted with the peculiar points of my father's disposition as myself. The quiet manner in which he took the intelligence of my intended marriage, I own surprised me at the time, knowing his extreme aversion to any measure, or proceeding, calculated in the least degree, to touch upon his ruling passion, or

as I may now term it in his present stage of existence—his ruling weakness; that is to say, any measure that would in the least degree disturb, or infringe upon the close and arbitrary arrangements of his financial affairs—arrangements which it is the one business of his existence to maintain inviolate and undisturbed. I now discover how little cause I had to thank him for his seemingly easy acquiescence in my intended marriage, and that he has treated me," he added in a subdued and injured tone, "far from well or kindly in the matter."

"And you are entirely dependant on his—as it seems most tyrannical pleasure?" demanded Seaham, an angry flush mounting to his brow; the position in which the cruel, sordid, cunning of the old man's conduct had placed his sister, making the most impression on his feelings.

"Most unfortunately so!" was Trevor's reply; "it has been the aim, and purpose, of my father's existence to render his children, and all those with whom he had to do, as much as possible dependant on his most arbitrary and capricious will. You would not think this perhaps, to behold him now—to all appearance, that meek and mild old man. But

so it is; see him as I have lately seen him, on what was supposed to be his dying bed, and you would then have full proof and specimen before your eyes of the ruling passion strong in death."

"From all this then—I am to conclude," said Arthur Seaham, "that one of the two arrangements suggested by my sister are the only alternatives; either," and he looked again steadily into Eugene's face, "that you give up at once all further engagement."

"To that!" interrupted Trevor, starting from his seat in sudden excitement, "to that, tell your sister," he exclaimed passionately, "I cannot, *will not consent.* Remind her of the promise she once made to me upon the subject, and tell her, that on my part, no power on earth shall compel me to give her up. No," he murmured, his eye gleaming around from beneath his now darkened brow, as if seeking to address with dark defiance some hidden foe, "no threats, no vengeful malice shall ever force me to do that."

Seaham regarded him with surprise, but thought to himself: "This man certainly loves my sister with a strength and sincerity

not to be mistaken," and then with rather softened feeling, he said:

"But you will agree perhaps to her other proposition?"

"I do—I must," with eager energy, "there is as you observed, no other alternative. Say, some months—perhaps a year. In that time much may be effected."

Trevor leant his elbow upon the mantel-piece, and pressed his brow upon his hand, in unquiet thought. Seaham rose.

"A year then," he repeated, "for a year, I may tell my sister you agree to the necessity of postponing matters. During that time," he added with marked significance, "I shall be constantly to be found in London."

"And your sister?" Trevor eagerly demanded.

"Mary will very shortly proceed to Scotland, where she may probably remain some time with my sister who lives in Edinburgh."

"What, so far?" Trevor exclaimed impatiently.

"I cannot see," the brother replied with some *hauteur*, "that a greater vicinity under present circumstances, would be either necessary

or desireable. Interviews for instance, such as the one by which my sister's feelings were so distressed to-day, can be neither for her happiness or advantage."

Trevor had no more to say. He shook hands with Arthur, who appeared to have no farther desire to remain. Like one subdued and exhausted in mind and body, almost silently he suffered the young man to take his leave.

Seaham merely repeated that he should be found, or could be referred to at any time at the Temple, and in a few moments had quitted the hotel.

CHAPTER VIII.

Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate,
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait.

LONGFELLOW.

In less than a fortnight from the period of this interview, Mary escorted by her brother-in-law, Mr. Gillespie, who had been in London on business, left England for Edinburgh.

This plan was much more accordant with her state of feeling at this period, than would have been that of accompanying her sister Agnes into Wales, as the latter was so affectionately anxious she should have done.

It would have been melancholy for her just then to have found her dear old home, Glan Pennant, in the hands of strangers, and there is

something still more melancholy to the feelings in revisiting familiar scenes, associated as they may be in the mind with naught but happy careless memories, when over the spirit of our dream has passed like a blight some subduing change, such as was now overshadowing Mary's happiness.

> "It wrings the heart to see each thing the same,
> Tread over the same steps, and then to find
> The difference in the heart. It is so sad,
> So very lonely to be the sole one
> In whom there is a sign of change."

Besides it was very long since she had seen her sister Alice, so tied to home by her many domestic cares and duties.

Agnes' life was one as yet all holiday enjoyment—her heart bounding with delight at the prospect of an establishment in her beautiful country home — in her own dear neighbourhood.

"There was no sorrow in her note"—and Mary perceived and rejoiced in the conviction that her younger sister's happiness needed no additional weight. Next to being happy herself, she desired most the power of bestowing happiness on others, and a real pleasure she knew would be her presence to that excellent elder sister.

She would seek in some degree to aid and lighten her cares and avocations. It would have been better perhaps had she gone there, long ago. But could she bring her heart to accede to this assumption?

Oh, no! not yet—not now—not ever could that be.

> "I hold it true, what'er betide,
> I feel it when I sorrow most,
> 'Tis better to have lov'd and lost
> Than never to have loved at all."

This, rather we assume, was the language of that faithful heart, still clinging too tenderly to the intense happiness of the past, to grudge the anguish of its bewildering reverse.

Clouds had arisen to obscure the heaven of her certain happiness—her once full hope had been deferred, but the day of despondency or of sickening weariness had not yet arrived.

Her lover's explanatory interview with her brother had effectually cleared, from her all believing mind, many a vague dread and anxious misgiving, which at one time were beginning to disturb her spirit; and again she could set herself to wait patiently, buoyed up by her all enduring love—her steadfast entire trust. But this hope, and trust, beautiful in

themselves, could they be set alone on the frail and futile creature?

"Hope in the Lord wait patiently for Him, and he shall give thee thy heart's desire. Commit thy way unto Him, and trust in Him, and He will bring it to pass."

Surely Mary's meek obedient soul, must have drawn its greatest strength and patience from the dictates of this high and holy invocation.

There was too, something perhaps most providentially salutary and effective, in the atmosphere of the home, where at this particular moment Mary had been led to take up her abode.

Here in the example afforded by her sister Alice's adaptation, and appropriation of herself—her tastes, and her talents, to that one ultimate end of all, feelings and powers; the performance of her duty, in that state of life which had been assigned to her—Mary's gentle mind, too prone perhaps, by nature to rest in passive enjoyment, and in the barren luxury of emotions, might receive a lesson, strengthening and benificial for its future need.

"That life is not all poetry
To gentle measures set,"

"That Heaven must be won, not dreamed."

How a mind and character, that from amongst all her sisters, had been the one most answering to her own, had effectually roused itself from the shadowy Paradise of her earlier years, to meet the real demands of life—to embrace its actual duties, and defy its uncongenial pains—and not only this, but to find therein, more than in the pleasanter summer paths of earlier days, or in those refined indulgences in which her spirit still loved at times to cherish, true happiness and peace.

"I have found peace in the bright earth,
And in the sunny sky,
I have found it in the summer seas,
And where dreams murmur by.

"I find it in the quiet tone
Of voices that I love,
By the flickering of a twilight fire,
And in a leafless grove.

"I find it in the silent flow
Of solitary thought,
In calm, half-meditated dreams,
And reasonings self-taught.

"But seldom have I found such peace
As in the soul's deep joy,
Of passing onward free from harm,
Through every day's employ."

And even her brother-in-law, Mr. Gillespie, though of a less kindred soul, and with those matter of fact and prosaic points of character—attributes in his case, both national and professional. Even in his companionship, she found something bracing and effectual, such as she might not have done with more yielding and indulgent friends.

Her darling brother—it had been her former happy dream to pass her unmarried days in his companionship; and she might have been with him now, had it not been deemed, at present, neither convenient or expedient.

She must in that case have shared her brother's chambers in London; and at her age, and under her peculiar circumstances, such an arrangement could scarcely be available, without being an interruption to her brother's important studies and pursuits, though he would have made any present sacrifice for his sister's sake.

Ah, yes! or why did he turn his eyes so steadily from a sight so fascinating to his heart as was that cherub face, which often looked down upon him from a pew of the Temple Church—or bravely resist the flattering attention and

repeated hospitalities of the eminent counsel, that cherub's father, in whose house—

> "He saw her upon nearer view,
> A spirit, but a woman too,"

and who seemed in every way inclined to bestow her notice on the promising, agreeable student of the Middle Temple?

Why?—but because he determined to allow no cherub face to usurp the foremost place in his affections, no "ladye love," with form however beautiful, to become the reigning, mistress of his house and hearth until that beloved sister of his youth had secured a dearer, better home.

Besides, under any circumstances, he was not such a fool as to think of marrying for many a year yet; a pretty business it would be if over the dingy pages of Blackstone, and the year book, was for ever flitting the bewitching, radiant face of Carrie Elliott.

Thus, then, for a time shall we leave our heroine, whose fortunes, like the gentle flowing course of a glistening river, we have hitherto so undeviatingly pursued; whilst we turn aside, not willingly, to trace through their darker,

wilder mazes, the fate and fortunes of those two beings, whom an inscrutable Providence had ordained should hold such important influence over her destiny.

CHAPTER IX.

Farewell; and if a soul where hatred's gall
Melts into pardon, that embalmeth all,
Can with forgiveness bless thee; from remorse
Can pluck the stone which interrupts the course
Of thought to God; and bid the waters rest
Calm in Heaven's smile—poor fellow-man, be blest!

THE NEW TIMON.

EUGENE TREVOR was fated to encounter another interview of importance before he laid down to rest that night, or rather morning, succeeding the meeting with Arthur Seaham.

He had gone forth, very soon after the departure of the latter, to seek diversion for his disturbed and troubled spirit by excitement—that most common resource of man under similar circumstances—offered in the shape of those amusements belonging to the sporting club of which he was a member.

He returned to the hotel more than one hour after midnight, to be informed that a gentleman was waiting to see him on particular business.

"At this time of night?" was the impatient reply. "Who in the world can it be?"

The gentleman had not given his name; he had come more than two hours ago, but had expressed his intention of remaining to await Mr. Trevor's return.

Eugene, with a certain uncomfortable feeling of misgiving at his heart, proceeded to the apartment into which his unseasonable visitor had been shown. Two candles burnt dimly on the table. Dark, pale, haggard, as the imperfect light gleamed upon his features, looked the lover of the gentle Mary, thus returning from those midnight excitements in which he had plunged to dispel too haunting thoughts and vivid memories conected with her pure and holy image; but a something of strange and startled wildness was added to their expression, as his eyes fixed themselves first uncertainly—and then gradually and clearly identified the face and form of him who stood up to receive him—that tall, commanding form, before which his own seemed

to shrink into insignificance—that face, as pale as was his own, but from before whose calm, steady gaze his eyes for an instant quailed so fearfully.

"Eustace!" — "Eugene!" were the only words or signs of greeting exchanged between them, and Trevor, as if momentarily overcome by the emotions excited by the *rencontre* with his mysterious visitor, sank upon a chair by the table, and with perturbed and agitated demeanour, passed his burning hand across his heated brow; whilst the other still stood erect, looking down upon him with that stern and steady eye, almost appalling in its intensity.

"To what am I indebted for this visit?" Eugene murmured at length, in hoarse and sullen accents, slightly lifting up his head. "I thought—"

"You thought," replied the same deep, rich voice we last heard sounding (though then in very different accents,) upon the Welsh hill side in Mary Seaham's ear. "You thought, Eugene, that before this coming dawn, many leagues of sea would be between us. And so it would have been, had you not your own self broken the promise which bound me to that vow."

"Pshaw!" was the reply, in accents of impatient irony "a mere accidental, unavoidable meeting, whose only fruit was the further to overwhelm with despairing wretchedness her, for whose happiness and welfare you profess such *disinterested* regard."

"Yes!" was the calm, unmoved reply. "I saw her face turned towards me at the time, that face I had used to behold serene, happy, innocent as the angels in Heaven, and in its woeful change I read—"

"Your own most righteous work," interrupted Eugene, with a bitter mocking laugh. "Had you seen her some time past, before the day when you, like a spirit of evil, stepped in between us, you might have beheld a sight which perhaps had pleased you even less; that angel face brightened and beautified by her love for *me*."

"You are right, it would have pleased me even less, it would have seemed to my eyes, like the dove spreading her silver plumes, all glittering in the treacherous sunshine, to meet the vulture who has marked it for its prey. Yet to-day, I seemed not to read upon that pale and tear-stained countenance, the mere passing

misery of the moment—that misery of which I wish not to deny having been myself the inflictor—but that which I might have seen—that which I once saw settled on a mother's face; or still more haunting, terrible, impression, the despairing misery one might image of a fallen angel, dragged down from her high estate, by an unholy, unnatural alliance with a spirit of another sphere. For, Eugene, your own heart, your own conscience must convict you, that light with darkness, righteousness with unrighteousness, Christ with Belial, have as much in common, as yourself, your nature, your life, your principles, have to do with those of Mary Seaham; and that to unite yourself with her, would be, I repeat, either to draw her down to your own level—or, more blessed alternative, to break her heart. But both of these destinies I had hoped to have seen averted. You had assured me, it was easier for you to resign that 'mess of pottage' as you slightingly denominated the inestimable treasure your soul had greedily, but more harmlessly marked as your own, than the birthright of which you were iniquitously possessed. You had assured me, that you would find plausible means—and in

that, I doubted not your powers, or your will, if it were but to serve your own interest—to break off, not only your engagement, but all further communication with Mary Seaham; but, Eugene, I *doubt* you. My back once turned—my *espionage* abandoned, as I promised it should be, from the time I set my foot on another shore, what will there then be to bound or restrain your grasping, avaricious desires. I shall find myself twice trampled in the dust, and Mary," his voice trembled as he spoke, "she whom I would save from a fate, in my eyes, worse than death, she become your prize, your sacrifice, your victim."

He whom Eustace thus severely addressed, retained a moment's moody defiant silence.

"Your intention then, is to remain in England," he said at length, with an assumption of haughty unconcern, though there might be perceived a quivering of the eyelids, and an expression of anxious perturbation in his downcast glance. "The old man," with trembling irony in his tone, "will doubtless receive you gladly, and there will be nothing to retard the nuptials of Mary and myself."

"No, nothing, if she—if Mary Seaham can

consent to wed the man"—he slightly unbared his wrist—"the man who has done this—the man whose name must henceforth ring in her ears as a proverb, a reproach, a by-word through the paths of society—the man whose very children shall rise up and scorn him—whom God and man must alike reprobate and condemn."

Eugene Trevor shrank back as from before some deadly serpent discovered to his view. His eye quailed fearfully—his lips and cheek became of a livid, ashy hue.

"Eustace," he murmured, in a voice of almost abject deprecation—"Eustace, your feelings of revenge and hatred carry you too far. You have repented of the agreement made between us, and have come thus to threaten and intimidate me. *I* never meant to draw back from my part of the engagement; but if my promise has no weight in your consideration, how am I to give you further pledge of my sincerity? I swear to you," he continued, eagerly, "that, during the meeting to-day with Mary Seaham, into which I was accidentally surprised, I held out no hope—no promise which could give her reason to suppose that the obstacle to our marriage could now or ever

be removed. We parted with that understanding; and to-night," he spoke in a low and hurried voice, "she sent her brother here to break off our engagement, which could only be maintained on such uncertain, uncomfortable terms."

"And you consented?"

"What else had I to do?"

"Now may Heaven be praised," was the low, deep, earnest answer—the voice of the speaker swelling as into a strain of rich, clear music; whilst with upraised eyes, and countenance lit up with holy adoration, he thus ejaculated: "Now Heaven be praised, who sends His angels to protect his little ones from the powers and spirits of darkness! Eugene," he proceeded, again turning to his companion, but with a subdued and softened expression, "you, too, thank your God, that from this additional sin you have been mercifully preserved; from that offence which it were better that a millstone were hung about your neck than that you should commit. You, too, have your reward: take it. I leave it in your hands. I will trouble you no more. Home, name, country, and heritage, I willingly resign;

but remember, on that one condition. Retain it only inviolate, for from the ends of the world, its broken faith, its most secret violation, would recall me. Farewell, Eugene! Should we never meet again on earth, believe that I forgive you all offences against me. Nor put down either to revenge, or even *madness*, that which He who seeth the heart will, I humbly trust, justify in the eyes of men and angels, before His judgment throne, on the last great day of account; and there and then, where sin and wrong, and wretchedness, shall be done away, may we both meet sanctified, reconciled, and renewed."

He was gone. No other parting sign was given; and he, who had now added one more sin to the already dark catalogue of his offences, the purchase of his freedom from a dreaded evil by a *lie*, was left darkling and alone.

As those two had met, so they parted—those two men whom our readers may already have divined were brothers.

CHAPTER X.

True, earnest sorrows; rooted miseries;
. . . . vexations, ripe and blown,
Sure-footed griefs; solid calamities;
Plain demonstrations, evident and clear,
Touching their proofs e'en from the very bone—
These are the sorrows here.

HERBERT.

More than six and thirty years have passed since Mr. Trevor, the present proprietor of Montrevor, had taken to himself a wife, young, lovely, of good family, and endowed with much excellence, both of mind and disposition.

Miss Mainwaring had consented, in obedience to her parents' wishes, to bestow her hand upon this rich and handsome suitor, death having deprived her of the first object of her young affections.

Of a gentle and confiding disposition, she had not doubted but that one so pleasing and gentlemanly in his manners and demeanour in society, so assiduous and devoted in his attentions during courtship, would prove an amiable, affectionate husband; and that in resigning her future destiny into his hands, she was securing to herself that calm happiness to which, (the first bright dreams of youth mellowed and subdued), she alone aspired.

Her trust was deceived—her hopes disappointed; too soon was it revealed to her sick heart that Henry Trevor, the courteous and agreeable member of society, was not the same Henry Trevor of domestic life; that Henry Trevor the lover, was a very different person to Henry Trevor the husband; that she had been wedded—for her beauty?—no; woman's natural vanity might have forgiven that:—for her fortune? no; that was comparatively insignificant to count much, even in the close calculations of him, into whose well-stored coffers it was carelessly flung:—for her gentle virtues, her superior qualities of mind?—no,—no abstract love of these had had their part in her lover's choice; but because in the

submissive spirit—in the mild and gentle character of her he saw as one

"By suffering made sweet and meek,"

he had thought to find a fitting subject for his purpose and his will—one easy to be bent, moulded, crushed, if it were necessary, into the slave and minister of his favourite lust—his ruling passion—his besetting sin—the grasping, covetous, all-devouring love of money!

Scared and dismayed at the prospect opened, like some dark gulf so suddenly before her eyes, Mrs. Trevor yielded nevertheless, not without an effort, to the fate into which she had been betrayed. She had that within her, a degree of sense and spirit, which moved her in her early marriage days to use the gentle influence she hoped in some degree to have obtained over her husband's affections; to effect some change in the general system of affairs she saw daily growing up around her, as well as to assert and maintain her own gentle dignity and comparative independence as a woman and a wife.

Alas! she knew not the nature of the being with whom she had to cope; it was but as the

falcon-hunted dove, fluttering within the fowler's snare, or beneath the vulture's claw, the cords are but the tighter drawn—the grasp more crushingly extended, till the victim feeling his impotence to resist, resigns itself powerless to its fate. Mrs. Trevor struggled no more. All thought of influence was at an end, except indeed that which her gentle virtues, her submissive tears, like the droppings of water upon a stone, might in time be permitted to effect.

Her wounded affections withdrew into the still sanctuary of her own mind, whilst in patient meekness she performed her duties as a wife. This was all Mr. Trevor required. He had gained his point; he had bent her to his will. She superintended and accommodated herself to the close and grinding economy he exacted in his house. She sacrificed all extravagant tastes, all expensive inclinations, bestowed charity and kindness alone from the resources of her own scanty, grudgingly-accorded allowance. Even in her less responsible requirements she gave him full satisfaction.

Mrs. Trevor bore to her husband just three sons—healthy, promising boys—none of those

superfluous, money-frittering excrescences—daughters! These sons all were disposable, convertible to some aim or end. There was the heir—that necessary machine to keep the greedily-preserved fortune and property in future train; there was a second son to secure the good fat family living from escaping into extraneous hands, and there was yet another to place in the lucrative and distinguished banking-house, in which Mr. Trevor was a sleeping partner. Yes, in this she had done well and wisely, and the husband was in the end content. But in the first instance, even here, he was not entirely satisfied with his wife's conduct. Nature had rebelled against the young mother's affording nourishment to her eldest born. Other aid was required, and this unwarrantable and unnecessary infraction upon the rules and exactions of maternity, sank the parent considerably in her lord and master's valuation and esteem. The second time she proved more successful—oh, how fully successful, if to that success were to be attributed not only the pure health, the more refined vigour of body which distinguished the mother's own nursling above his eldest brother, the suckling of a farmer's

burly daughter; but that nobler nature, those high-toned qualities of mind and disposition, which grew with his growth and strengthened with his years—and oh, how too successful if from that mother's breast he imbibed his own sad heritage of suffering and of wrong!

On the third, and last occasion, which presented itself, the face of affairs assumed a different aspect. Mr. Trevor, either because he grudged his wife as would not have been at all inconsistent with his character, the extreme pleasure she experienced in the former case, and the excessive fondness with which this child had naturally wound itself around its nursing mother's heart. Whether from these, or still more unworthy notices, this time Mr. Trevor, on some capricious arbitrary plea, objected to his wife indulging in the same natural enjoyment, himself selecting the individual, who was to supplant her in this office. The wife of a tenant on his estate, about to emigrate to Australia, but who preferred remaining behind for some years in service.

Mabel Marryott fulfilled her hired duties well by her patron's infant; so well, that according to her master's orders, she was afterwards

retained, as general superintendant of the nursery establishment, though her influence did not long continue limited to that office; and it was Mabel Marryott, whose daily business it soon became, to attend upon the little Eugene in his morning visits to his father's study; where sometimes, for an hour together, upon table or floor, as accorded best with his age, or fancy, he sat and played the mimic miser, with his favourite toys—the shining heaps of glittering gold or silver, always produced on these occasions, to amuse and keep him quiet; whilst in that distant room above, where we have seen the unconscious Mary spend so happy an hour, sat the wife and mother, struggling with the inward anguish of an injured, wounded spirit, or straining the little Eustace to her heart, calling him, in deep, earnest accents of endearment, her darling—her own boy—her precious nursling; beseeching him never to forsake her, to stand by his own mother—to love, and to protect her, till the boy's dark, fervent eyes, would suffuse with tears, and he would promise, with the little full and throbbing heart beating against her breast, always to be "mamma's own boy," and never to leave her even when he was

a man; and the heir—he, in the meantime, had probably made his escape to the stable-yard, to the grooms and stable-boys, for whose society he, from his earliest days, shewed much inclination, to the danger both of his neck and his morals, by the lessons in horse-riding or loose talking he there received—tastes and propensities with which his mother found herself powerless to interfere. Mrs. Marryott did not object. Master Trevor was neither a manageable or engaging child; these tastes and habits took him off her hands; Mr. Trevor saw only that they made the boy bold and healthy. They were propensities and amusements which cost him nothing; so he desired that he might not be pestered any more by the representations of his anxious mother; she might make one milksop if she wished, but leave the other alone; Marryott would see he came to no real harm.

The boy was to go to Eton when he was twelve. He might, his father continued, be allowed to take his own course till then; and Mrs. Trevor, though not suffered to interfere in any other department, was expected to take upon herself the arduous office of instructress to this one, as well as to her other two boys,

who were also to be kept at home till they had attained the before-mentioned age.

Mr. Trevor had no idea of his wife's talents being put to no better purpose than the solace and amusement of her own lonely, joyless existence; and the poor lady was too willing to enter on a task, which promised a means of drawing her children towards her in closer intercourse than was otherwise permitted. Such was the cruel jealousy, which dared to prevent the mother from acquiring too great an influence and ascendancy over the children's affections.

Long, however, before the time assigned, Mrs. Trevor was forced to represent to the father her insufficiency and unfitness for the duty imposed upon her.

The thick-headed, mulish-tempered Henry, his heart and mind ever with his dogs and horses, very soon began to require some stronger hand and firmer will than she possessed to force him into any degree of application; whilst the two other boys, the one high-spirited and talented in the extreme—the younger taught to look upon his mother in little better light than that of a slighted and despised dependant

—became even earlier, above or beyond her strength and power for the work.

But in vain might she remonstrate.

"You are idle, you are idle," was all the answer or relief she obtained.

So she began again, and persevered—much to the wear and tear of body and nerves. But that was nothing. It was an employment—and should have been an interest and amusement rather than an hardship.

And so the mother laboured on with all a mother's patience and long-suffering, bearing rather than contending against the many difficulties and discouragements which beset the task.

One rich reward was its attendant — the satisfactory fruit which crowned her efforts, however comparatively weak and inefficient they might be, as concerned her noble son, Eustace; not but that pain and trouble of a certain kind were her portion, even here. But it was a pleasureable pain, how exceeded by the ample recompense it afforded.

What fervent gratitude—what deep, strong affection did every tear she shed, every sigh she breathed in his cause, fan into life, water into

vigour in that young pupil's breast! How was she adored, revered, upheld supreme at least in the heart of one being in the world.

Eustace Trevor, as those of generous and superior natures generally are found to be, was a child of naturally impetuous disposition and independent spirit. Though full of genius, and promise of bright things to come, it could not be but that he sometimes grieved his gentle teacher, and gave her patient spirit pain.

But ah, the contrite grief; the self-indignant sorrow of the child which ever followed on such occasions; how was he prostrate in body and spirit before the beloved being, whom he had so offended. How the elder brother dull, and unrefined in feeling, rather than unamiable at heart, would stare with stupid amazement at such animated demonstrations in the penitent; whilst the younger—what a glance of cold surprise from his dark eye—what a look almost of disdain in his young countenance, as he sat, and watched, and wondered to see such affection—such zeal displayed in the cause of one he was used to behold, so scorned, so slighted so dishonoured, by those who had gained ascendancy over his young mind.

It was worth while to love his father—to seek to please and propitiate him—or even Mabel Marryott. But *she!* what could she do? what influence, did *she* possess over her children, or any one else either for good or evil?

Yet the boy Eugene was by no means an unaffectionate or unengaging child, nor devoid of amiability of character; had it not been for the early influences which impressed, and moulded his mind and disposition.

His father and Mabel Marryott both loved him in their way; the former suffering him to win a greater ascendancy over his close shut heart, than that which any other individual ever attained. Nay, to him he even relaxed in some degree his strongest, and most guarded point of impregnability—his purse strings.

When his elder brothers as children, obtained their grudgingly acceded shillings and sixpences, the more valuable crown piece, or sometimes half-sovereign was bestowed upon the favoured Eugene—to be triumphantly produced at the neighbouring town, where he occasionally rode with his brother Eustace, for the gratifica-

tion of any taste or appetite, in which he might choose to indulge; whilst the other expended his scanty store on some trifling gift he thought might gratify, or please his much loved mother. Yes, this was the most galling of all poor Mrs. Trevor's catalogue of grievances—the unjust and cruel partiality exhibited by her husband in the treatment of these two younger boys; for the eldest, Henry, though neither favoured or in any way much regarded by his father, at any rate met with neither injustice or unkindness—inasmuch as neither his nature or propensities, rendered him worthy or desirous of any greater degree of privilege or advantage, than he obtained—and he was sent to Eton at thirteen, when all that was to be done for him was done, that was necessary and proper. But the second son, Eustace—whether it was the boy's disposition, so antagonistic in every respect to his father's; or that it was her own unfortunate attachment to this child, or that child's love for herself which drew upon his innocent head this unhappy distinction; whether it was this cruel jealousy on her husband's part, or the secret influence

on the same account, of her insidious enemy, Mabel Marryott. However it might be, a spirit and system, it might almost be termed persecution, was maintained by the father towards this son from his childhood upwards. He felt doubtless too the reflection, which the zealous love of the boy for his mother cast upon his own conduct in that respect. Never did Mr. Trevor forgive a proof of this spirit, shown forth by the young Eustace in the instance we are about to record.

CHAPTER XI.

Is there not
A reverence in the very name of "mother"
Could thrill the ruffian purpose?

SHIEL.

He is the second born of flesh
And is his mother's favourite.

BYRON.

It was Eugene's birthday. He had coaxed Marryott to give him a treat of cakes and fruit in the garden summer-house. His brothers were invited, and even his father honoured the party with his presence.

Marryott presided over the entertainment. Eustace had been out of the way, and did not arrive until the others were assembled. He made his appearance at the banquet all bright, animated expectation, having but just

heard of the unwonted indulgence provided him, and prepared to partake in it with full boyish enjoyment.

But at the threshold he paused. By one quick glance, his eye had taken in each individual of the collected group. A sudden thought seemed to press upon the wild beatings of his heart. A cloud overshadowed the quick brightness of his brow.

"Come along, Eustace!" cried the boy Eugene, "if you mean to come at all."

But no, he did not stir. There he stood, rooted to the spot, his changing countenance betokening the struggle of strong feeling passing through his breast, another glance—from which shot forth a gleam of noble fire—around, and then his dark, full eye fixed itself with calmer sternness upon his young brother's face.

"No, thank you, Eugene," he said firmly, "I cannot come. My mother she is all alone in the house. I must go to *her*," and instantly he turned, and

"Went away with a step strong and slow,
His arch'd lip press'd, and his clear eye undimmed,
As if it were a diamond, and his form
Borne proudly up, as if his heart breathed through."

On one occasion, Mrs. Trevor heard the voice of her husband raised in long and angry accents. She listened with trembling misgiving as to the object of his reprehension, but when to words sounds succeeded, plainly betokening bodily chastisement, she could no longer refrain, but hastened to the spot from whence they proceeded.

It was Mr. Trevor's study, and on opening the door and entering, she found indeed her beloved boy Eustace under the hands of his father undergoing severe and painful punishment; Eugene standing by like a young Saul, witnessing the martyrdom of a Saint Stephen, holding his brother's coat over his arm, a little pale perhaps, but watching with a tolerably cold and steady eye the proceedings of the parental persecution.

The look and tone of sore distress with which the gentle intercessor supplicated for mercy, shamed even the unloving husband into compliance.

He released his victim, who turned aside with tearless eyes, but every vein of his noble brow swollen with suppressed anguish.

But every thought of his own suffering or

disgrace seemed soon to be forgotten in the pain and grief he saw upon his mother's countenance, as with trembling voice she made inquiry into the offence which had called down such unwonted severity upon the culprit.

"He is a squandering spendthrift," was the father's reply; "and you, Madam, with your fine ideas and lessons, have helped to make him so; but I will teach him better. He was at the same trick once before, and I warned him of the consequences. A long time will it be before he gets another shilling from me, to waste upon a set of rascally vagabonds lurking about the premises, seeking what they may devour."

"Mother!" said the boy firmly, "they were a party of poor mechanics, turned out of their homes and deprived of all means of getting their bread. One man carried his poor little girl, dying from starvation, in his arms; what better could I do?"

Another sharp blow from the father cut short the explanation, and Eustace was ordered to leave the room, not to approach his mother, or touch a morsel of food, save bread and water, for the remainder of the day.

The boy obeyed in silence, but with a bursting heart, and Mrs. Trevor remained to listen, in resigned sorrow, to the anathemas poured forth against her darling — of his evil and corrupt dispositions, and the fearful predictions, that she would live one day to see him turn out the disgrace and ruin of the family.

"Only see, Madam, in this one instance the difference between these two boys. Eugene, bring your money-box."

The boy, with complacent alacrity, produced a small casket, and opening it with a key attached to a ribbon round his neck, exhibited indeed a shining store of silver pieces, slightly interspersed with gold.

"Eugene is indeed a rich boy," the mother observed very gravely.

"Yes, and a good, and wise, and prudent boy, and he shall be richer still some of these days; I will see to that. Yes, *he* can—he may afford to be generous; he knows how to bestow his gifts in the right direction. Eugene, show your mother what I have allowed you to buy out of your savings for your attached and valued friend."

The boy, in the same manner as before, un-

covered a parcel lying on the table, and thereby displayed a roll of rich and handsome silk.

"Is it not beautiful, mamma?" he exclaimed innocently; "it is for Marryott; this is her birthday you know."

Mrs. Trevor's lip quivered. She looked pale, and turned away her head.

When were *her* birthdays so remembered?

"May I take it to her, papa?"

"Yes, yes, take it away, boy!" said Mr. Trevor, rather impatiently; and Eugene, proudly shouldering his offering, marched off triumphantly with it to Marryott's apartments.

A silent pause ensued. It was broken by Mrs. Trevor, quietly suggesting the advisability of a more regular and impartial allowance being bestowed upon the two younger boys, remarking that she feared the present arrangement was likely to be prejudicial to the characters of both, perhaps to their future conduct through life.

The mother spoke more firmly, more courageously than usual. Perhaps the incident which had just been enacted, had a little hardened and strengthened her spirit for the encounter. But her words were of little avail.

"Not at all, not at all," was the angry

interruption. "Allow me, Madam, to act as I please on that point. I give what I please, and withhold what I please, as I see fit and proper; and I have found out pretty well before to-day, that whilst I could trust one boy with a whole bank of money, the other is not, nor ever will be, worthy to possess one shilling of his own. I shall, therefore, act accordingly, and beg you will not attempt to interfere upon the subject; it is my department, not yours."

Mrs. Trevor could only sigh, and was about to retire. But no. She must first undergo another ordeal.

The door opened, and Eugene re-appeared, attended by Marryott.

"She is so pleased, papa, and so obliged," cried the boy, "and is come to thank you."

Mrs. Trevor arose with gentle dignity.

Mabel Marryott had not been apprised of her mistress' presence in the library, but the expression of her well-disciplined countenance—that "face formed to conceal"—scarcely evinced this fact as she paused upon the threshold, and with the utmost composure and respect, apologised for her intrusion; but begged to be allowed to express her grateful thanks for the

beautiful present which her dear master Eugene had just brought to her. It was much too handsome for her, appealing with the greatest deference to Mrs. Trevor; but she would gladly wear it for her dear boy's sake.

"Do—do so, Marryott, it is Eugene's present —quite his own," Mr. Trevor replied with some embarrassment of manner.

"Indeed, Sir?" with the utmost simplicity; "well, I must say, he is always a dear generous child," and she stooped and kissed the boy, who rather unwillingly submitted to his nurse's fondling. Mrs. Trevor knew that this was the same woman, who had so short a time ago betrayed her generous child Eustace, to the unjust anger of his father, and there was something in this present demonstration of affection towards this other, which went greatly against her feelings.

She rose—never with all her provocations, was her mild ladylike deportment laid aside, and said:

"Eugene, dear, open the door for me; I am going up-stairs."

The boy, though unaccustomed to any such *exigeant* demands on his respectful attention, from his mother, nor trained to yield them un-

asked, shook off Marryott's arm, still encircling his waist, and willingly obeyed, running to comply with the request. Mrs. Trevor left the room as Eustace had done not long before, in silence, and with a swelling heart, whilst Mrs. Marryott's glance after her retreating figure, seemed to ask what was the meaning of this undue assumption of importance in her unassuming mistress.

* * * * *

The same partial fate which attended the young Eustace under his father's roof, extended itself to his life at school. In the rather inferior establishment to which he, and his younger brother were sent—one very unworthy and inefficient to develope the genius and talent, inherent in the boy—qualities which nevertheless struggled forth, spite of all disadvantages, into life and power, too little appreciated by others—there the favour of the sycophant master, was lavished exclusively on the rich father's favourite, to the apparent detriment and depreciation of the other. The high and generous spirit of the boy, was reported as ill-disposed and unruly, and treated accordingly with severity, or more properly speaking, tyranny and injustice.

A crushing or hardening effect upon the mind and character, must have inevitably been the result of such a process, had it not been for the superior nature of the being upon whom it worked; to say nothing of that counter charm which ever lay upon his heart, a talisman against the power of every evil influence—his mother's love. But there was one effect produced by the state of things we have endeavoured to show forth, which could not be averted. We mean the seed of future misery, thereby sown between the youthful brothers.

In early childhood there had subsisted between them an affection almost bordering upon enthusiasm, remarkable in children of their age; in the younger how soon, like every other good and truthful inclination of his heart and character, contracted and undermined by the still more pernicious influence to which by his different circumstances he was exposed. It might have been supposed that were the invidious feelings of envy, or jealousy, to be engendered in either mind by the system of partiality to which they were subjected in such a lamentable degree, it would have been in that of the least favoured; but jealousy belonged not to the noble nature of Eustace.

Sad surprise—indignant risings in his breast against the injustice of his father's conduct, were the consequence, but no invidious feeling against the rival object himself. That one indeed, he would ever have loved and cherished, borne with and forgiven, as in those young days, whilst any evidence of brotherly feeling was given in exchange. But no—it was the favoured one, as we often see to be the case—the rich and favoured one, who began to envy his poorer brother, even the scanty portion which fell to his share.

And of what was there in those early days that Eugene could envy Eustace?

What but that boon, which though influenced outwardly to despise—his inherent taste for the good and beautiful, caused him secretly to covet, above every other gift—the fervent love which he saw bestowed by his despised, but angelic mother, on the child, whose affection drew it so freely forth—love how ready to be poured as largely on his own head, but for the barrier of slight, coldness, and constraint she saw so soon interposed between herself and that else equally beloved child.

Oh! the pain, to mark the glances of that

dark, clear eye grow cold and dim, when turned upon her—the once open brow

> "Cloud with mistrust, and the unfettered lip
> Curled with the iciness of constant scorn."

But all this belongs more properly to a later, and, alas! darker period of the lives of those it is our task to trace, and to which we must hasten forward; that period, in which boyhood merges into manhood, and the seed sown for good or ill springs forth, and bears—some thirty, some sixty, and some an hundred-fold.

CHAPTER XII.

Have I not had to wrestle with my lot?
Have I not suffered things to be forgiven?
Have I not had my brain sear'd, my heart riven?

BYRON.

It was Mr. Trevor's good pleasure to bestow the church living in his gift upon his second son. On the same principle, we suppose—as it was the fashion, at that period—more we trust than in the present time—for the least promising and least talented of a family to be devoted to the sacred service of the church—did the father, we conclude, in the present instance select for this purpose the son least esteemed and honoured in his eyes, without any regard to the inclinations of his own heart, or his fitness for that vocation.

Eustace Trevor was sent to College, on as small an allowance as could in decency be accorded, and commanded there to prepare himself for Holy Orders.

How can we describe the trials, the struggles, the discouragements which beset the path of one who, under more propitious circumstances, might have passed on to such high and distinguished grades of honour and distinction?

His noble character and conspicuous talents, drew down upon him the love, admiration, and honour of those around him; yet to some degree the galling hand which had laid heavy on his boyhood oppressed his powers even then.

Great and good as was the young man's nature,

> "Temptation hath a music for all ears,
> And mad ambition triumpheth to all,
> And the ungovernable thought within
> Will be in every bosom eloquent."

The very superiority of Eustace Trevor's nature, his high, and serious estimate of the holy nature of the profession which had been forced upon him, soon caused the youth to recoil with conscientious horror from em-

bracing it upon such terms. He laid his scruples before his father, who with contemptuous indignation told him he might then starve, or beg, for by no other means should he obtain from him a farthing of subsistence—and his mother, whilst she sympathized in his feelings on the subject, still encouraged and besought him to make himself worthy of the sacred vocation, and bring down those high thoughts and aspirations which rendered it incompatible with his desires.

This was the substance of her mild, soft pleadings in the anxious cause:

> "My son, oh leave the world alone!
> Safe on the steps of Jesus' throne
> Be tranquil and be blest."

Encouraged by this strong persuasion, Eustace Trevor promised for her dear sake to do all in his power to satisfy her solicitude, and reconcile his own conscience on the point.

Eugene in the meantime was given a place in the great banking establishment before alluded to, a position which only served to throw the young man in the way of all the

temptations and dissipations of a London life, and rather to overthrow those expectations of Mr. Trevor, as to the money saving propensities of his favourite.

In his fondness for money, he might indeed show himself a worthy son of his father, for to attain it by all attainable means soon became his actual object. Yet to whatever pitch this inclination might arrive in later years, in these his days of youthful folly, "to spend and not to hoard," was certainly his distinguishing propensity; thus affording his father plentiful opportunities for displaying to the full, the partial injustice of his conduct towards his younger children.

One of the most striking instances in this particular was exhibited a few years after the establishment of Eustace at College, when Eugene was about nineteen. The latter unexpectedly one summer evening arrived at Montrevor from London, in no very happy state of mind.

Gambling was unfortunately one of the pleasures, or more properly speaking passions, which assailed the young man most strongly in this early part of his career. He had just

lost a considerable sum of money at the late Derby; and this was the first time that he found himself obliged to confess this delinquency to his father, and apply for the amount necessary for the payment of the debt of honour thus incurred.

He could scarcely flatter himself that Mr. Trevor's hitherto partial favour could avail him in a case of such unwonted enormity. Forfeiture of that favour, perhaps a refusal of his application; anger, disgrace at home, ignominy, dishonour abroad, all stared him in the face. Eugene entered the house at night, and went straight to Mabel Marryott's apartment, where, scarcely noticing the eager and astounded greeting of his foster-mother, he threw himself upon a seat, and leaning his elbows upon the table, he buried his face in his hands, and remained plunged in moody silence.

In vain for some time Marryott questioned him, as to what had happened to occasion his sudden return, and the discomposure under which he appeared to labour. But at length, having shaken off the hand she so caressingly placed on his shoulder (for some years the

young man had begun to discourage any similar demonstrations from his quondam nurse), he called for some wine; and having drank off a bumper, he then came out with the abrupt communication, that he had lost a thousand pounds, and that she must manage to get it from his father.

Mrs. Marryott was astounded.

"Lost a thousand pounds!" Mr. Trevor to be informed of this, and coolly asked to supply it. The boy was mad to think of such a thing. No favouritism would indeed avail to cover such an enormity in his father's eyes. She, with all her confidence in the influence she possessed, would not risk the office of intercession in such an outrageous instance, at such a time too, when Mr. Trevor was overlooking the accounts of his brother Eustace, who had just returned from College, and into a fine state of mind she assured him his father was worked up by the employment. Then, in anticipation of the paternal indignation she prepared him to receive, Mrs. Marryott ventured to bestow upon her foster-son some severe strictures upon the imprudence of his conduct, all which Job's comfort the young

man was in no mood to receive with patient equanimity.

Starting from his seat, he rudely told her to hold her tongue, for if she did not choose to help him he must go to some one who would; and rushing up stairs, he went straight to his mother's sitting-room. Mrs. Trevor was alone, seated near the open window, with her eyes fixed sadly on the church spire rising amidst the distant trees, and pointing with such solemn silence to that blessed home, for which the wounded spirit must have so often yearned.

"Eugene!" she exclaimed in surprise, as, turning her sorrowful countenance towards the opening door, she beheld her son; and Eugene having slightly returned the pressure of her outstretched hand, threw himself down upon the nearest seat, in much the same state of moody dejection as he had previously done in the apartment of Marryott.

But there seemed something more soothing in the atmosphere of his present position—something in the subdued and holy calm of the maternal presence, which had never before impressed him in the like degree.

Perhaps it had been a relief to his jealous

spirit to find his mother thus alone, unaccompanied, as was usually the case when he was in the house, by the envied Eustace, to be the witness of his discomfiture, and an auditor of his misfortune. And when, perceiving that something was amiss, she approached, and, without inquiry, sat down silently by his side, he did not now shrink from the fair soft hand which, with almost timid tenderness, was placed in gentle sympathy on his arm, but burst forth at once in softened accents of appeal with the grievous fact.

"Mother, what am I to do? I have lost upon the Derby a thousand pounds; have it I must immediately. I cannot tell my father; some one must get it out of him. Marryott won't—will you?"

The mother withdrew the hand which, emboldened by her young son's unwonted show of confiding consideration, had ventured to begin to part the dark matted locks from his heated brow. Nor was this done from dismay at the chief purport of this desperate intelligence, but from the cold pang with which these concluding words struck upon her ear: "Marryott won't—will you?"

It had not then been the impulse of his filial heart, as for a few brief minutes she had gladly hoped, to fly to his mother in his distress. He had gone to another first, and only come to her as a last resource—as often when a boy had been the case, when Marryott, for fear of his father's displeasure at the expense, had refused him some indulgence—some of those "good things" we have heard the man Eugene so feelingly deplore, and with which the mother had supplied him from her own too circumscribed resources.

Had not the present emergency been out of the question to her limited powers, how willingly would she in the same manner have relieved her son of his pressing anxiety.

As it was, the momentary pang of bitterness allayed, without giving way to any irritating manifestation of her feelings, with regard to his astounding communication, she only expressed her sorrow at his misfortune and perplexity; and refused not to take upon herself the office he demanded of her.

"Alas, Eugene! you know the extent of the influence I possess," she sadly observed. "I can but break to your father what you have

related, and trust to his general indulgence towards you, rather than to any regard he may be inclined to pay to entreaties of mine in your behalf."

"Exactly; that is all I want, mother; tell him that I will work hard at that d—d bank for the next year—that I will make it up to him in some way—anything in the world; but if he does not let me have it, I must blow my brains out—that's all."

And the mother, sadly sighing over the ruinous course—ruinous as regarded his soul's welfare—in which her son had so early embarked—and she, without any power to influence or to restrain—left the room.

Mrs. Trevor entered the library with no willing step. She knew well how she should find her husband occupied, and the disagreeable nature of her mission was less repugnant to her feelings than the pain which would most probably be in store for her in her other son's behalf.

And here indeed she did find her Eustace undergoing a more torturing mental ordeal than that of the physical chastisement to which she had on a former occasion seen him exposed in

that same apartment; his noble, generous spirit goaded almost beyond the power of endurance, as compelled to sit there before his father, and submit to the most close, exact, and grinding examination of every detail and minutiæ of his last year's expenses, a process accompanied, as was every item of the amount, with the most bitter and angry comments on his so-called profligacy and extravagance—the galling and degrading nature of which ordeal every young man, blameless and well-principled as he may be, will be able fully to appreciate.

The mother cast an involuntary glance of tender concern upon the victim, and then approached her husband.

"Well, Madam, are you too come to assist me in this delightful business?"

"No, Mr. Trevor," in a trembling voice. "I have come to speak to you upon another subject —about Eugene."

"Eugene! what in the world have you got to say about him?"

"He has returned home in much distress; he has been unfortunate, and requires your assistance, though at the same time is fearful of your displeasure."

"The devil he is! well, I am a happy individual. Have I not enough on my hands already," with a vindictive glance at Eustace, "without being bored in this fresh quarter? I suppose he wants his allowance advanced; but be so good as to tell him, Madam, that until I have finished the delectable business in which I am engaged, he must please to wait. What the deuce did he come running down here for, wasting his time and my money. A letter, I should think, would have answered his purpose; really, one would suppose I was made of millions."

"But, Mr. Trevor, I am sorry to say that Eugene's case is of greater, more immediate importance than you imagine. Eugene, I grieve to tell you, has lost a very considerable sum of money at Epsom, and requires an immediate remittance for payment (as it is called) of his debt of honour."

Mr. Trevor changed colour, and an involuntary oath escaped his lips. But something—perhaps it was the glance he saw exchanged between the mother and son—caused him to restrain any further ebullition of the feeling with which this revelation inwardly inspired him.

For he fancied—how unjustly may be imagined —that something of triumphant exultation was expressed in that glance, that it was now the father's favourite on whom was about to descend his displeasure—perhaps the present forfeiture of his former favour. This was most fortunate for Eugene. It turned the course of his passion into another channel.

"And what, allow me to ask," he proceeded with forced composure, "may be the amount of this unfortunate involvement?"

Mrs. Trevor, in a low tone, named the sum.

Its extent probably exceeded Mr. Trevor's expectation, and the expression of his countenance plainly indicated the struggle of contending feelings within his breast.

He took two or three strides about the room, then ordered Eugene to be sent to him.

"Nay, Madam, pray do not you trouble yourself," as Mrs. Trevor was preparing to leave the room, too willing to escape from the scene of whatever nature which was to follow; and he rang the bell, and desired Eugene to be summoned.

In a few minutes, during which no one spoke —Mrs. Trevor sitting pale and patient, Eustace

walking to the window with a look of weary disgust upon his countenance, whilst Mr. Trevor's dark eye glanced alternately the one from the other, with the wary suspicious glare of an angry animal—Eugene entered, prepared for the worst, with a dogged indifference of countenance and threw himself upon a chair behind his father.

"Well, Sir, and what is this I hear of you?" Mr. Trevor commenced. "Lost a thousand pounds! a pretty story truly; and want me to give you the money. Really one would think you were heir to twenty thousand a-year, instead of a younger son," with a significant glance towards the window, "totally and entirely dependent on my bounty."

There was nothing very encouraging in the letter of this exordium. Something, however, in the manner in which it was spoken, seemed to give hope and courage to the culprit; for shaking off his sullen moodiness, he sprang from his seat, and approaching his father, began to pour into his ear, in earnest humble strains, a string of protestations, representations, and excuses, relating to the subject of his loss—on the true Spartan principle, accusing the failure

rather than the committal of the deed—showing how it had been, by the most unforeseen turn of luck, that he had not won *thousands*, instead of losing *one;* the good fortune which had attended him, on each preceding occasion of the kind; finally declaring his determination to do better for the future, or at any rate so manage, that he would blow his brains out rather than again trouble his father.

"Well, well, Sir, this all sounds very plausible, indeed," was Mr. Trevor's reply, having listened with becoming gravity and consideration to the defence; "but I would advise you to give up this losing trade of gambling you have commenced. You will find it, let me tell you, far less profitable in the end than sticking to your bank. In the meantime, to extricate you from your present dilemma, and enable you to turn over a new leaf for the future—this also being in your case the first trouble you have given me—I will write you a cheque for what you require; but remember, this is the last time you must expect from me anything of the sort. Your brother there will tell you how I have plenty to do with one younger son's worthless extravagance—"

"Mr. Trevor, you are cruelly unjust," interposed the mother's trembling voice, indignant tears swelling to her eyelids. "You know that one half of what you bestow so freely upon Eugene would amply cover all that Eustace owes—"

"Mrs. Trevor, may I request your silence on the subject?" thundered her husband. "Have I not often told you, that I desire no interference between myself and the affairs of my sons. Supposing I do act with the cruel injustice you so flatteringly ascribe to me, what then? have I not a right to do what I will with my own?"

And, suiting the action to the words, his hand trembling with agitation, he hastened to achieve—that to him almost incredible thing—to write a cheque and present it to his youngest son for a thousand pounds, with a certain feeling, or at any rate the appearance, of unmurmuring alacrity.

So does one bad feeling at the time being, govern even our worst of passions.

Eugene on his part did not, as may well be supposed, trouble himself to analyse the merits of his father's unexpected generosity

He was really overcome with gratitude at the ready manner in which his anxiety and trouble were thus alleviated. He thanked his father with earnest emotion, and repeated protestations of never again requiring such beneficence at his hands.

Mr. Trevor waved him away. He had done the deed—he had shown forth his own perfect independence of will and power—satisfied his own bad feelings towards the object of his unnatural aversion, and mortified—as seemed his constant aim—the partial feelings, as he deemed them of his gentle wife towards her second son. And now the ruling passion began again to struggle into power.

The remembrance that he had just signed away a thousand pounds of his close-kept hoards, without more demur than in former times he might have bestowed a half-crown piece upon the boy, began to stir within his breast no very great feeling of satisfaction.

Eugene knew his father too well to risk any further provocation of the feelings he could pretty plainly divine, and hastened to beat a triumphant retreat, purposing to leave Montrevor that same night.

In the exuberance of his feelings, he would probably, at least by a glance, have thanked his mother for the service she had so auspiciously rendered him; but Mrs. Trevor's looks were sorrowfully averted, and he passed her by, not caring to irritate his father by any more manifest token of attention. He did, however, stop to shake hands with Eustace as he passed the window near which he stood—the first greeting exchanged between the brothers, who had not met before for several months.

Eustace Trevor returned his brother's greeting with no lack of kindly warmth. He had stood mute and motionless as a statue throughout the late trying scene which had been enacted. No sign of dark passion—of envious, hateful feeling could have been read upon that countenance, pale as marble, and beautiful in its nobly-suppressed emotion. Only once—that time when his mother had raised her meek voice in his defence, had an expression of strong feeling—a mixture of disdain, indignation, and grateful affection—broke forth over his countenance, and his dark, full eyes turned upon that much-loved champion with a glance not to be described, whilst his lips moved as if he were about to entreat

her not to distress herself for his sake, when his father's angry interruption had more effectually supplied any deprecation on his part to that effect.

But now, having returned, as we have said, his brother's greeting in a manner which showed no particle of invidious feeling to have been excited against the object of such unjust and unmerited favouritism; when, too, his mother had softly and sadly left the room, without daring to cast another look upon the beloved object for whom her heart was bleeding; he came forth and stood before his father, with a firm and composed mien and countenance.

"Father!" he said.

Mr. Trevor was looking over some drawer in his *escritoire*, with no very happy expression of countenance.

"Well, Sir?" glancing upwards, speaking in the most sharp, irritated tone and manner, "what in the name of —— do you want now? I must request you to pester me no more to-night, we will return to the pleasant task of settling the rest of your debts to-morrow."

"No, father—that cannot be. I am no

longer a child—a boy; and it is not in the nature of man to bear, even from a father, injustice—degradation, such as that to which I am subjected. I ask you then, that this very night, on this very spot, for once, and for ever, to let my account be settled between us; and never I solemnly swear, here or hereafter shall you be troubled by me or my concerns. What I ask is, that you will give me down a sum of money, just sufficient to pay my expenses out of this country, and let me work for my bread by the sweat of my brow, like others whom I know, in one of the distant colonies; for this I say will be preferable, far preferable, to what you now make me endure—far more accordant with my feelings of right and honour, than shackled, degraded in every point, to be goaded, drawn into a profession for which, besides the original disinclination I felt to embrace it, I have been rendered still more unfit by the treatment I have received. Viewing the office as I do, in a light far too sacred to be entered upon by one, in the spirit and temper of mind to which you have reduced me."

"Well, Sir, well; I admire your pious

principles; do as you please; give up this living. Many a better man than you, no doubt, will be glad to have it. Go off to Botany Bay, if you will—but beg, borrow, or steal your way out as you like. I must decline advancing you a farthing towards that laudable design; all the money you ever get out of me, goes to making you a parson; choose that, or beggary; for do not suppose that you will be coming over me a second prodigal son. Go, riot as you will, but not from me will ever come the wherewithals. Eat the husks, if you please; but as for the ring, and the fatted calf, and all that—"

"Sir!" interrupted the young man, by a strong effort suppressing the resentment these taunting words fired in his breast from breaking through the limits of filial respect. "Far be it from me, to expect such things at your hands. No, truly, the very husks of the fields *would* be far sweeter to my taste than the begrudged bread eaten in my father's house. And, refused as I am the just and reasonable demand I have made to-night—determined as you are to show the cruelly childish dependence

to which you have reduced me, willingly would I embrace the other alternative, and by the sweat of my brow, unaided by you, gain my daily subsistence, were it not for the one consideration which draws me back, and renders me powerless to resist—my mother."

"Come, come, Sir; no more of this," interrupted Mr. Trevor impatiently, wincing consciously—as he generally did from any allusion of the kind—at this observation of the zealous son, as if he feared the reflection on his own conduct which it implied. "No doubt, as you have now found that I am not to be threatened out of another thousand pounds to-night, you have plenty of considerations in reserve to reconcile your dainty stomach to the loaves and fishes so cruelly forced upon you, in preference to the husks to which it so nobly aspired. There—you had better go and learn to practise, first, the duty, and obedience, and all that you will have to preach to us bye and bye. Let me hear," in a tone of taunting irony, "what shall be your first text,"

"Fathers, provoke not your children to anger!" was the reply which thrilled in low, deep

accents from the young man's voice through the dusky apartment. But the servant for whom Mr. Trevor had some minutes before rang impatiently, entering the next moment with lights, the impression, whatever might have been its nature, which it made upon the hearer, was dissipated, and a conclusion put to one of those dark, painful interviews such as it is our unpleasing task to record, which within that long, low library were enacted. Alas! more dark and dreadful still are those which have to follow.

Poor Mary Seaham! how would your gentle spirit have quailed with shuddering dread, if a vision of what had there been witnessed had dimly passed before your sight—those calm, sweet eyes there fixed with such trustful and admiring confidence, upon that venerable old man—have shrunk with horror and aversion, could "the light of other days" but have revealed in all its naked hideousness, the spirit—which now chained and incapacitated in its decrepitude and weakness—had once worked with such hateful power within that aged form; but what even this, to the knowledge of other things which it might also have revealed—the

close and active part which he—who then sat by her side, as an angel of light to her infatuated eyes—had taken in some of these deeds of darkness.

CHAPTER XIII.

In its train
Follow all things unholy—love of gold—

The phantom comes and lays upon his lids
A spell that murders sleep, and in his ear
Whispers a deathless word, and on his brain
Breathes a fierce thirst no water will allay—
He is its slave henceforth!

N. P. WILLIS.

It is often to be found, that men of strongest and least regulated passions, calculating, cautious, as may be the nature of their general character, are the most easily rendered subserviant to any influence or weakness to which they in the first instance, have capriciously chosen to lay themselves open.

Thus it was with Mr. Trevor. His unjust partiality towards his youngest son turned against him, so far, that the latter gradually gained an ascendency over his father's mind,

for we cannot exactly call it his affections, which no one, not even the favourite Marryott, had ever been known to attain in so extended a measure, and effect. To Eugene Trevor's credit, it may at least be said, that he was not one, so far as his outward conduct and demeanour were concerned, to abuse such a position; on the contrary, he was rather disposed to conciliate the continuance of it, by every seeming mark of gratitude, and duty, never, however, neglecting in any direct, or indirect way to turn to advantage the propitious circumstances of his case.

This habit had long engendered that peculiar respectfulness of manner and demeanour, which we had occasion to remark so undeviatingly maintained by the son, towards the miserly parent.

But perhaps a bond of union had then been established between the father and son, of a more subtle and secret character, than any were aware; the consciousness on the parent's part, of having pardoned and covered in the son, more than he had any right ever to have so covered or forgiven; the son subdued in some measure to grateful subjection towards that

parent, from the consciousness of what had by him been concealed, and overlooked; a bond of union, the more strengthened and annealed as years wore on, and showed the harmony of character and propensity, however differently they might as yet be shown forth, which subsisted between them.

Alas! when evil, not good cements the union of man with man—when hand joins hand, for deeds or purposes of darkness—especially when by such unholy links are seen connected, parent with child — child with parent! However, all this might be—there was certainly a suspicious cloak over one era of Eugene Trevor's early history, under which no member of his family save his father ever penetrated.

We allude to a period, two years perhaps after the event, which has lately been brought forward, when he was suddenly removed from the business in which he had for a period held a kind of sinacure office; and ever afterwards was tacitly suffered by his father to live at large, either at home or abroad, following no other profession or pursuit, but those pleasures

and practices, to which he was but too strongly addicted.

There is then good reason to suppose that the liberality of his father on the occasion we have quoted, did not put a stop to further losses and embarrassments of the same nature on Eugene's part; and one dark instance will prove at least, to what extremity he was once driven, at the same time as it exemplified the little confidence he was disposed as yet to place, in the kindness and long suffering of a parent, whose character and disposition he had too much acute insight and observation not to be perfectly able to appreciate. He knew that in his father's breast existed a passion wherein neither reason, nor benevolence, nor natural affection, nor any other faculty had in other cases the least influence—whilst in his own breast could he have analyzed its propensities with equal exactness, he might have read the love, and aspiring after the attainment of the same unrighteous mammom, as deep, and vehement, in its development, though as yet subservient in a degree, to other feelings—the slave—not as yet the master spirit of

other appetites and propensities. And alas! in the instance we are about to record—how strongly is it proved that a great activity of this passion, if the moral qualities of the mind be low—if there exist no honest or honourable means, or a desire to pursue those means by which it can be gratified—dishonesty, dishonour, every dark and crooked way and means, may be the fearful consequences.

* * * *

There came another evening when Eugene Trevor returned clandestinely to Montrevor, without, as on former occasions, seeking to make his arrival known to any member of the establishment. But Mr. Trevor was not long in being apprized by Marryott, that his youngest son had some hours since entered the house, and had gone straight to his bed-room, from which he had not since made his appearance, and she wished to know whether she had not better go and see what was the matter?

Perhaps Mr. Trevor had his misgivings as to something being in the wind in that quarter, which it were as well that he might see to in *propria persona*, therefore, he told Marryott

that he would go up stairs himself, and find out what the boy was about.

He accordingly proceeded to that distant part of the mansion, which contained the sordid rooms, allotted from their boyhood, to the sons of the family, and entered the one appropriated to Eugene's use.

Mr. Trevor's stealthy entrance enabled him to stand some minutes without notice, for the young man was seated with his back to the door, leaning over a table, seemingly in the anxious examination of a small bundle of papers he held in his hand, and on which the keen eye of the observer fixed itself with suspicious surprize, for they were evidently bank notes.

Suddenly the father made a cautious movement forward—something had caught his eye. It was one of these same papers, which the draught from the open window had probably, unperceived by the owner, wafted from the table to the ground, just behind the young man's chair.

The father stooped; and having clutched it in his grasping hand, curiously scanned his prize; yes, it was to all appearance one of

those precious things, after which his soul lusted—a monied note—a note for £20 on the London Bank in which he had so great concern.

But how was this? His hand trembled as he held it for stricter examination further from his eyes. Perhaps his heart misgave him from the first. How had the boy become possessed of all this money?

Ah! a new light flashed upon him, and he became deadly pale.

That well practised vision, that sharp witted perception was not to be deceived. The astounding, stunning truth miraculously flashed upon his senses, that the paper he held within his grasp was no true genuine bank-note on the firm of Maynard, Trevor and Co., but that *it was forged.*

One moment after, and Eugene Trevor felt a sharp nervous grasp laid upon his arm. He started violently, and the terrified ashy countenance he turned towards his father, would at once have convicted him in the eye of the beholder of any capital offence of which he might have been suspected.

"Wretched boy, what have you done?"

gasped the father, as with one hand maintaining his hold on the culprit's arm, with the other he held the accusing note before his shrinking eye, glaring at the same time fearfully upon him. "This—this—" in accents tremulous between rage and horror, "I know, I feel convinced, is *forged !*"

The son sat pale and trembling, but attempted not a word of explanation or denial.

"And the others—the same?"

They were passively yielded for inspection. All—all—alike !

"Do you wished to be hanged, Sir?" almost shrieked the father.

"I must have money—those might have passed for such."

"Might?—yes, and you might, I say, be hanged."

"Well, if I were hanged, what then? Life's not worth having without money," was the dark and moody rejoinder.

"And why should you ever be in want of money?" Mr. Trevor replied in a low, trembling voice.

"Why? why—when I see how you serve Eustace."

"Eustace!" in a tone of impatient scorn; "what's Eustace to do with you?"

"Or if I could be content to live the life that Harry leads," was the sullen continuation, "I might perhaps do very well; but as I have in some degree tastes and inclinations beyond those of a groom or a jockey, I must have money somehow or another, for accidental emergencies like the present. There was nothing left for me but this," pointing to the notes, "or to blow my brains out, to which alternative I suppose I have now arrived."

"Tut, tut—nonsense!" replied the agitated father; "why did you not come to me?"

"You?—why, after that thousand pounds you gave me, I could not expect you'd supply me with all I want now."

"And who—who," continued Mr. Trevor, still livid with horror and dismay at the dreadful risk his son had run, rather than at the crime he had perpetuated; "who, in the name of Heaven, was your abettor in this preposterous scheme?"

Eugene Trevor, after a little hesitation, named his accomplice—of course, an *attaché* of the Bank in question—a young man of

low birth and principles, with whom Eugene Trevor had formed this dreadful confederacy, and who was subsequently removed from the bank by the connivance of Mr. Trevor, about the same time, as his young patron was, as we have before mentioned, mysteriously taken from the business.

"None of these notes have yet been circulated," the father inquired in terrified anxiety.

"No; not yet. I brought them down here, and Wilson was to follow, as you gave me leave to ask him; and then I was to consider over with him the best way of proceeding."

Mr. Trevor mused for a moment; then gathering up the notes in his long, thin fingers, carefully, nay, even delicately, as if he could not away with some sentiment of tender respect even for that which only bore the semblance of his heart's idol; he bade his son, in a low hoarse tone, to get up, and follow him down stairs.

Eugene mechanically obeyed; and his father stealthily preceded him back to his library, the door of which they having both entered, he carefully closed and bolted.

Eugene sank upon a chair, with blanched

cheeks, and trembling in every limb. He had not tasted food all day; but, more than this, the act of moving from one room to the other had probably roused his mental powers, and his not yet quite depraved or hardened heart became more sensible to the horrors of the risk, and the enormity of the crime from which he had been providentially rescued.

His father, seeing the condition his son was in, produced a small flask he kept near him for his private use in cases of emergency (he never, generally speaking, partook of wine or spirits), and poured him out a sparing quantity.

The son looked at the glass contemptuously, swallowed its contents; then seized the bottle his father had incautiously left within his reach, emptied it of at least half of the remainder, and drank it clean off.

Mr. Trevor, in the meantime, had turned away, to enter upon the business in hand. Holding the dangerous papers still clutched fearfully in his grasp, he looked around to determine how most securely to dispose of them.

It would have been easy to have committed

them at once to the flames, if any such means of destruction had been provided; and thus every memento of his son's guilt might have perished for ever; but though a chilly April evening, no fire at such an advanced period was suffered to burn upon the miser's cheerless hearth. So he looked from that hopeless quarter for some other resource; and going to his *escritoire*, unlocked it, and in one of its most secret recesses deposited those deeds of intended wrong, destined to afford long, long after their very existence was forgotten, a striking example of the fact, that sin, however at the time covered or concealed, seldom fails to bear forth some fruit of woe, be it to ourselves or others, in future years.

Mr. Trevor then proceeded to open another drawer, and glancing towards his son, carefully selected some bank-notes therefrom, brought them to Eugene, and thrust them hastily into his hand, as if he feared the impulse might have evaporated ere the act was accomplished. They were the exact number of those he had counted of the forged notes.

The young man looked on them at first with a bewildered and uncertain gaze; then,

overcome probably by the reaction of feeling, burst forth into a paroxysm of tears, with which he covered his father's hand, as he gave vent to a torrent of thanks and deprecations against such undeserved generosity.

The aged man—for even then, though scarce past sixty, Mr. Trevor from appearance might have been so denominated—that old, old heart having long imparted the influence of years to his character and demeanour, he seemed by this fervent recognition of his unjust—indeed, under the circumstances of the case—iniquitous indulgence, to be spurred on to an effusion of warmth towards his favourite, almost monio-maniacal in its extent. Again he seized his keys, and, one after another, threw open wide chest after chest, drawer after drawer of his spacious treasures; showing, with layers of notes to a great amount, heaps of shining gold —the gathered hoards of years; with which, besides the enormous deposits with which the bank of Maynard and Co. was enriched, this "exceeding rich man" kept to feast his eyes and delight his heart with their sensible and tangible presence.

"There boy—there," he exclaimed, observing

with a kind of exulting gratification the impression this display made upon the young man's countenance—how his eye kindled, and his breath came short and quick, as if with the covetous delight which found such sympathy in his own breast, "is not that worth living for, think ye . . . . Well, well, never forge again, nor waste and want, as you have lately begun to do; but wait, and watch, and learn to do like me, and who knows but some day or another . . . ."

He paused, and glanced significantly from his coffers to his son, from his son to his coffers.

"Harry will be a lucky fellow," murmured Eugene, averting his countenance, over which, at those words, a brightening gleam had passed.

"Pooh, that fool!"

"That fool, Sir, is your eldest son for all that," laughed the other.

"And if he is, what's that? it's my own, all that . . . . Besides," lowering his voice, "mark me, he'll break his neck some of these days."

"Not he, Harry's too good a rider for that; and you know a fool is sure to live for ever; but even if he died, there's Eustace."

"Eustace—curse him!" was the fatherly ejaculation.

Even the calculating brother now looked a little shocked, and when just at that moment there came a gentle knock at the door, both started, like guilty creatures as they were. But the old man glancing at his coffers with nervous alarm, hurriedly bade his son to wait, shutting them up, and making them fast with hurried trepidation ere the inopportune intruder was admitted. It proved to be only Marryott, who presented herself with a smooth and unsuspecting countenance, to ask whether Mr. Eugene would not come and partake of the supper she had provided for him in her own room. And Eugene, though at first about to profess himself not hungry, on second thoughts, and a glance from his father, changed his mind, shook hands affectionately with his foster-mother, and consented to avail himself of her considerate attentions.

A change had come over the young man's dream; a new vista opened before his eyes; Satan had showed him the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them; he must bow the knee and worship.

CHAPTER XIV.

Blest order, which in power dost so excel,
* * * * *
Fain would I draw nigh,
Fain put thee on ; exchanging my lay sword
For that of th' Holy Word.

HERBERT.

About a year from this time an uncle of Mrs. Trevor's died, leaving twenty thousand pounds to his niece's second son, Eustace, his god-son ; and the persecuted young man thus found himself, by this unexpected behest, placed in a position which rendered him to a degree independent of the tyranny and bondage to which he had been hitherto subjected by his father, and at liberty, if so had been his pleasure, to relinquish the profession which had in such an arbitrary manner been forced upon him. But it was not thus to be. Very different now

was the nature of the case. He stood a free man—free to choose or to reject the path of life before him, and the spirit which had struggled so fiercely in the ignoble chains which bound it to that course, now disenthralled, turned as naturally as the eagle to the sun, to that high and holy service for which he had been prepared.

The proud and restless spirit, soothed and tranquillized, yielded itself as a little child to the scarcely-breathed wishes of his mother, that the struggles he had so long and nobly endured in bringing down his rebellious thoughts and contrary inclinations—the hard studies to which he had devoted himself to fit him according to his own high standard for the important vocation, might not be thrown away; but that before she left this world of sin and sorrow, she might have the happiness of seeing her beloved son wedded to that profession, which in her eyes offered the only fold of security and protection from the snares and temptations which beset the path of manhood—"the bosom of the Church."

Eustace was fully persuaded that his father would now withdraw the living he had before so pertinaciously awarded him; for he plainly

perceived the increasing enmity the bestowal of his uncle's little fortune, had raised against him in the breast of his unnatural parent, an act purposely, no doubt, made by the testator, to secure it from the well-known cupidity of his niece's husband. But what if this were the case? The forfeiture of this benefice would but the more fully satisfy his own mind, as to the disinterestedness of the change affected in his feelings with respect to that profession.

Therefore from this period did Eustace Trevor set himself with heart and soul more fully to prepare for the sacred office, and having shone with increased brilliancy in the path of learning, covered with honours and distinctions, stood ready for the ceremony of ordination.

But this event was retarded; first, by the severe attack of brain-fever, the result probably of the course of hard and long-sustained study, which nearly brought him to the brink of the grave, and prostrated his strength for many an after day; and by the time he had sufficiently recovered, another event had occurred, the nature of which seemed likely to effect a most important change in the aspect of his future career.

Mr. Trevor's words, spoken in cruel levity, with reference to his eldest son, became verified in a manner not often found precedented in the course of the world's history. The body of the unfortunate Henry Trevor was brought home one morning to his father's house, it having been found lying on the road, where, on returning home the night before in a state of intoxication—a vice to which he had been unhappily addicted—he had been thrown from his horse, and, as it appeared, killed upon the spot.

And Eustace Trevor stood in that brother's place—eldest son, and heir to all that would have been his!

It is not often that such instances are afforded us in the order of God's dealings; instances which, to our blind sight, cannot but appear wisely and providentially appointed.

We would fain cut down the barren tree, that the good and fruitful may flourish in its room. But the husbandman wills it not. We would fain root out the tares: but he orders that they should flourish on. The evil weeds grow apace; whilst too often the flower withers, and fades ere it be yet noon.

But here men said all was right. Poor Henry Trevor! removed from a sphere in which he could never have played but so ignoble a part; making room for one of whom none could desire better to fill his place, as heir and future representative of a house and family of such wealth and consideration as that of Trevor, and so noble and brilliant a successor to its present miserly head.

Few in any way acquainted with Eustace's superiority of character, hesitated to look upon the death of the first-born but as a source of congratulation rather than of condolence to the new heir, and to posterity. So do men err in their calculations of good and evil!

Little did they know the wild heritage of woe this seeming good did bring about! Seldom has the death of an unlamented eldest son proved so direful in its consequences.

The catastrophe in question, of course interrupted, for a while, the intended ordination of Eustace Trevor. It was naturally supposed that no further thought would be entertained of his entering the Church, either by himself or family. Indeed, we will not say but that

his change of circumstances altered also, in some degree, his own ideas upon the subject.

New prospects, new duties, new spheres of action for his transcendant talents, seemed to open before his view. Even Mrs. Trevor might have seemed tacitly to bend to the new position of circumstances. It was, however, difficult for the son to gain any insight into the wishes of his father upon the subject; for some time after his brother's death he was denied all access to that parent's presence: Mr. Trevor's vindictive feeling against his second son not suffering him to bear the sight of him in the new position he now was placed.

No one, indeed, save Eugene and Marryott, from this time were suffered often to approach him. The former, from the period recorded in the last chapter, spent much of his time at Montrevor; his favour and influence with his father increasing day by day. At this treatment, Eustace could be neither much astonished or grieved. For his mother's sake alone did he ever make Montrevor his abode, and her failing health, which had received a

urther shock from the violent end of her unfortunate son, drew him more anxiously than ever to her side.

He laid his future destiny in her hands. If she still desired him to embrace the office of priesthood, no change of fortune should induce him further to demur.

And no change of fortune *could* alter the mother's heart's desire on that score; but she knew that worldly consideration spoke otherwise. Was it for her to gainsay the wisdom of the world, perhaps the dictates of her son's own heart?

She bade him further pause and consider the question ere he took the indissoluble step, which would bind him so firmly to the service of his God. She advised him to go and try the world, to look upon its pride, its ambition, and its pleasure. He went. Courted, flattered, and admired, all these allurements beckoned him away. The world smiled upon the eldest son, and not only the world; he in whose heart of hearts hatred and envy were darkly smouldering against one whom fortune had at once so unexpectedly favoured, and raised above himself

—he also in that smiling world spoke him fair, and walked with him as friend—and this was his brother.

How was it then that Eustace Trevor finally returned to his original intention? Was his eye even then opened to see the hollowness of all that thus surrounded him, or that returning thence to his mother's side, he beheld her fading form, her anxious eye, and determined in his heart that her fainting spirit should be rejoiced—her last days cheered by the accomplishment of her soul's earnest desire.

Was it in bitterness of soul at his father's cruel hatred? The still more cruel suspicion that dawned upon his perception, in spite of all outward seeming, that the heart of his brother was turned against him more darkly still; and that he felt it to be absolutely necessary to secure himself a definite occupation and object in life, ere the time came when the only light of his paternal home would be quenched with his mother's life, and he become a voluntary exile from its portals? Be it as it may, Eustace Trevor, without giving notice of his intentions to any of his family, went to Oxford, and was finally ordained, having by

consent of the bishop, in consideration of the long preparation and many accidental delays which had postponed the event—his long-tested readiness and ability for the important vocation —been excused the year's probation which must generally intervene, and was admitted on the close coming occasion to the office of priesthood.

"Dread searcher of the hearts,
Thou who didst seal
Thy servant's choice, oh help him in his parts,
Else helpless found, to turn and teach Thy love."

CHAPTER XV.

The first dark day of nothingness,
The last of danger and distress.

BYRON.

THUS signed and sealed, a devoted soldier of the church of God, "fearless yet trembling," Eustace Trevor went forth, and proceeded to his home—for home he must always term the spot which contained his mother.

In his mind was a conflict of many and full fraught feelings. There was the consciousness of the great and responsible charge he had that day taken, and the new colouring it must henceforth cast upon his future existence—accompanied by a calm and holy joy (as at the same time, that peace and good-will to all men warmed his heart, yes even to his enemies) the world seemed to fade from his estimation, and the kingdom of Heaven and its righteousness, to

be the only one on which his soul was fixed.

But perhaps a less high-toned, but no less pure and holy emotion was the one which, unknown to himself, most strongly predominated over the rest—the idea of his mother. The glad surprise he had prepared for her suffering spirit, the joy he knew would fill those sorrow-dimmed eyes, when she learnt the consummation of her heart's desire on his behalf!

It would be difficult to conceive aright the depth and strength of the affection which, fed by "love and grief, and indignation," had grown with the growth, and strengthened with the strength of Eustace Trevor towards his mother; therefore its expression to some might appear exaggeration, but such it was, and the nearer he now approached the demesne of Montrevor, the more was his mind filled with her pure and holy image, and all the happiness he hoped for, both present and future, seemed to concentrate in that one point.

The possibility of losing her, seemed to become a thing he could not allow himself to think was possible. It was but sorrow and

mental suffering which had affected her precious health. Happiness should again restore it; he would have a home to offer her. Power or principle could not bind her to the one, where wrongs, dishonour, and grief, had been so long her portion. He would bear her away to more healthful air, and with his love and devotion bind up her broken heart, and heal her bruised spirit. He had enough to provide for her in comfort, if not in luxury; and what luxury—what scarcely comfort, had she ever tasted in her husband's penurious abode?

If a thought of the day when those princely possessions he entered would be his, crossed his mind, the idea was but fraught with painful regret; scarcely daring, as he did, to extend his dreams so far as to contemplate the possibility of *her* being alive when that day came, to profit by the circumstance—to find all the grief, and wrong, and slight, and dishonour which had had marked her existence in her husband's wealthy house, exchanged for the honour, power and dominion—to say nothing of the peace and prosperity—which should gild her latter days, as mistress of her son's rich inheritance.

Yet at the same time it may be truly said no dark thoughts, no covetous desire which might have sprung too naturally from this train of ideas in any other breast, was hereby suggested. No, he felt too great a calm, a peace and contentment, in the present aspect of his life, as contrasted with the struggles and trials which had been its early portion, not to have contemplated such a *bouleversement* as that to which we allude with any feeling save that of horror and distaste. No—he had seen and proved enough of the hateful sin of covetousness, for any such feeling to have gained admittance in his breast; nay, not indeed to have fled from its very idea, as from a serpent.

"They that will be rich fall into a temptation and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which draw men into destruction and perdition. For the love of money is the root of evil, which, when some coveted after, they have erred from the faith and pierced themselves through with many sorrows. But thou, man of God, flee from these things and follow after righteousness, godliness, faith, love, patience, meekness."

Thus, in a frame and state of mind which it

would have been far from the thoughts of man to conceive as the presager of misery, dark and horrible, Eustace Trevor approached his father's house.

It was night, and the mansion seemed wrapped in more than its customary gloom and darkness. Every window was closed and shuttered—all save one, and from that the only ray of light visible on its whole extent glittered through the open casement.

It was enough—the light came from his mother's chamber. The star of his home shone forth, as it had ever done, to cheer and welcome his approach. He did not seek admittance at the front door. That had never been the privilege of himself or brothers during their boyhood, or their custom by choice in later years.

There was a more private entrance, through which, after having left their horse or other vehicle at the stables, the young Trevors could enter or issue at their pleasure—safe from the *espionage* or uncertain welcome of their father. To this Eustace had now recourse. He tried it, and finding the doors beyond his expectations unsecured, passed through, making his way by a back staircase to his mother's apartments,

without encountering a domestic or any person on his route.

The house was still and silent as the grave. He entered the boudoir. There was no lamp or candle burning there, but the clear light reflected from the adjoining chamber, of which the door was ajar, seemed to indicate that his mother had retired for the night.

Softly he stepped across the floor to make known to her his arrival. He knew she was expecting him about this time, therefore no fear of startling her too much by his sudden appearance presented itself to his mind—no fear indeed! He listened. All was still—only a slight breeze through the window, (he vaguely wondered that it was open at this hour though the night indeed was close and still), faintly rustled the canopy of the bed and flared the waxen tapers standing on the table. If his mother were there, she undoubtedly slept.

He glanced around the room before advancing further to ascertain the fact, and was struck by the cold and unnatural order pervading the apartment. It was the sign which first chilled his blood and impressed him with a vague but horrible dread. Yet he stood no longer; with

a firm though somewhat quickened step he approached, laid his hand upon the drapery, which was slightly drawn round the head of the bed, and beheld his mother.

She slept indeed—how fast, how well, one look alone sufficed to reveal! But Eustace's eye turned not from the gaze which had first fixed itself upon that marble brow.

> "He gazed—how long we gaze in spite of pain,
> And know, but dare not own, we gaze in vain.
> In life itself she was so still and fair,
> That death with gentler aspect withered there."

The long faded beauty of her youth seemed to have returned to Mrs. Trevor's countenance, as there in "the rapture of repose," she lay.

Yet the son's eye became glazed in its intensity, as if the sight was one of horror and fearfulness, whilst the hue of the cold sleeper's cheek, was life, and health, and beauty, compared with that which settled on his face.

A female servant of the establishment came and found him still standing thus. The woman's startled alarm at first was great. To behold that tall statue-like figure in the chamber she had left, deserted by all living. But any

weak demonstration of her fear was awed into reason and collectiveness, by the recognition of her dead mistress' son, who at length, as she stood transfixed in her first paroxism of terror to the spot, turned his face towards her, revealing a countenance on which no passionate emotion, no strong grief, nothing but a stern, fearful composure, was visible, and demanded in a low, hollow voice:

"When did she die?"

"This morning at nine o'clock," the woman answered, weeping.

"It was enough—she died; what reck'd it how?"

Eustace waved his hand in sign for her to depart. She obeyed immediately, closing the door instinctively behind her; seeming at once to feel and understand that he who had most right to command, within that chamber, had arrived.

And all through the lonely watches of that night; lock and bolt from within, secured, shut out from all intrusion, the agonized communion of the living with the peaceful sorrowless dead. The living in his agony which no tongue could tell; the dead, whose life might have been

called one long painful sigh—one sympathetic groan, lying there, serene, senseless, smiling on his pain. But too great had been the shock of the deep waters which now overwhelmed his soul, for Eustace Trevor to consider, and bless God that it was so. He that but an hour before had come on his way rejoicing—his spirit lifted up as it were on eagles' wings, "from this dim spot which men call earth," to heaven, now was as a crushed worm—a broken reed,—stricken to the ground in hopeless, powerless despair!

"Why hast thou smitten me, and there is no healing for me? I looked for peace and there is no good; for the time of healing, and behold trouble!"

Such is man in his best estate; his highest strength is weakness—altogether vanity. Let the Almighty call forth his storm to break upon his head; let him wither his gourd—his spirit faints, and is ready to die.

CHAPTER XVI.

Oh wretch! without a tear, without a thought,
Save joy above the ruin thou hast wrought.
* * * * *
Look on thy earthly victims and despair.

BYRON.

When the morning arrived, some one came knocking for admittance at the door of the chamber of death. The knock was several times repeated before it gained any answer or attention; but finally a slow and heavy tread was heard traversing the apartment; the bolt was feebly drawn, the door opened, and Eustace Trevor stood face to face with Mabel Marryott.

Prepared as she was for this meeting, and in some degree for its being one of no pleasing nature, the woman could not but recoil before the wan and haggard countenance which presented itself to her view.

Her stony eye shrunk—her bloodless heart quailed at first sight of those signs of mighty grief which one night's agony had imprinted there. But perhaps it was not so much his appearance as the glance, Eustace, still holding the door in his hand, fixed upon her, which thus affected her; and he, favoured by this movement on her part, was about, without the utterance of a word, again to close the door in her face, when quickly recovering from her momentary weakness she prevented the action, by stepping quickly forward, and attempted to pass him by. But no; firmly he remained within the doorway, effectually frustrating any such endeavour. Mabel Marryott looked at him with an air of affected surprise, her cool, unabashed demeanour perfectly restored.

"Mr. Eustace," she said, and there was an insolent tinge of patronising pity in her tone; "will you allow me, Sir?"

"No; I will not," was the reply which burst forth in accents, which, if there were aught of human in her mould, must have shook her very soul to its centre; "you are not wanted here; you have done enough—you have helped to

kill her; what can you desire more? Begone! —tempt me not to call down the curse of Heaven upon . . . ."

"Eustace—Eustace—this is folly; this is madness!" said a voice behind him; and the fearful words were stayed on Eustace's lips, when he looked up, and beheld his brother. Eugene Trevor, looking very pale and ill himself, came forward, and with a glance at Marryott took his brother's arm, and led him back through the chamber of death into the boudoir beyond, closing the door behind them.

"Good heavens! Eustace, how ill you look! You must not give way in that manner—it is weak, it is unmanly. This has been a blow to us all; but you know it was not altogether unexpected. Her health has long been failing."

But his brother did not heed him. He had lain his head down upon a table near the seat on which he sunk. Those cold, inadequate words did not touch his deep fathomless grief. But still, the sight and presence of one whom, she at least had loved, seemed to have some effect in soothing the passionate excitement of misery into which the sight of her she had

every reason to abhor, had worked him. He forgot even at the time to think how ill that love had been requited, and scalding tears,

> "The very weakness of the brain,
> Which still confessed without relieving pain,"

were trickling from his burning eye-balls, when again he raised his face, and turned it towards his brother.

"Eugene, who was with her?" he asked, while at the same time he murmured: "Not that woman?"

"No—I think not; it was so sudden at the last, that I believe, not even her maid knew of it till she came into her room in the morning. The doctor says it was paralysis of the heart."

"Yes—yes, I see; deserted, neglected, even in the hour of death!"

"I saw her the night before, before going to bed," rejoined the other, without noticing this interruption. "She seemed pretty well then, but did not notice me much—she only asked for you;" and there was something of sullen bitterness in the tone of voice in which these words were uttered.

His listener groaned.

"And why was I not sent for—*why?*" he repeated with agonized emphasis. "Oh, need I ask that question?"

"I told you, that to the last she was not considered in danger," continued the other with some impatience; "of course, there could have been no motive."

"No motive; no not more than there ever has been, for all that has been done to wither her heart and shorten her days—not more than there has ever been for the course of cruel, wanton persecution, which would fain, I believe, have crushed the very life blood out of my heart also. But that—that is nothing now; it is the thought of her alone which tortures my soul to madness. To think of all she was made to endure, for my sake and her own—that placid martyred saint; and then no effort made to bring me to her side, to soothe her dying pangs, as I alone could do; her last glance seeking for her son in vain; her eyes closed perhaps by her murderess . . . . Eugene, has *he* dared to look upon her?"

"Who! my father?"

"Yes; *your* father."

"I really do not know whether he has been here, or not, since . . . ."

"He could not—he dare not; only a wretch like her could venture to enter there—to look upon that angel face, and not see utter despair and condemnation breathed forth from each cold feature upon her destroyer."

"Eustace this is strong language; grief has weakened and excited your brain; you want rest and refreshment."

"Rest and refreshment? All the rest I can take is watching by her side, guarding her from any desecrating approach; all refreshment, that which her cold, calm presence can afford. Strong language did you call it, Eugene? Can your mother's son think any language too strong to express his hatred—abhorrence—against her mighty wrongs? You cannot be in league with those who have destroyed her?"

"I never interfered in those matters," Eugene murmured coldly, but with downcast looks. "It does no good, and is no business of ours, and if you had taken my advice, Eustace, you would have done the same. It would have

been the better for you. It is this sort of thing which exasperates my father against you."

Oh the look of mingled scorn, surprise, and sorrowful reproach, which Eugene Trevor, on lifting up his eyes, saw turned upon him. They shrunk again abashed before its power, and ere he dared again to lift them, he heard the slow heavy footsteps of his brother returning to the chamber of death.

Eugene did not follow there, but rising, went down stairs the other way straight to his father's library. Marryott was there, having doubtless been reporting to her master the unfavourable reception she had received from his eldest son.

Mr. Trevor sat in his dressing-gown cowering over the embers of a scanty fire. He looked feeble and haggard, and altogether might have been taken for many years beyond his real age. It could not be, we know, that grief had thus affected him ; but certainly from this period the old enchanter's wand seemed more and more to have been wrested from his hold, some blight to have fallen upon that cruel and covetous man ; something which bowed his spirit into

the impotence, almost dotage of premature old age; converting the tyrant into the slave—the man of strong passions into the tool of the passions of others—in all respects, indeed, save that which touched in any degree upon the mainspring of his being—the darling lust—which coiled like a serpent round his heart-strings; nothing but the hand of death could tear away his covetousness. How was this? Could it be that the words spoken in the bitterness of his son's agonized spirit, had thus been brought to bear upon him, that he *had* dared to look upon his dead wife's angel's face, and that the sight had cursed him.

> "Lo! the spell now works around thee,
> And the clankless chain has bound thee,
> O'er thy heart and brain together
> Hath the word been passed, now wither."

He turned round on his son's entrance with a look of nervous dread.

"Oh, it is you, Eugene! Marryott has been telling me what is going on up stairs."

"Pshaw!" the young man exclaimed, as he threw himself down on a chair, "one must not mind him just now, poor fellow, he is quite distracted."

"I should say so, indeed," sneered the woman significantly.

"But he will not come here, I hope," continued Mr. Trevor, anxiously. "I desire that he is not allowed to come near me. I cannot, I will not see him!"

"No fear of that, Sir," answered the son coldly; "he is not very likely to trouble *you* with his presence."

"Well, well, that's all right; let him rave as much as he likes out of my sight. And now give me a drop of brandy, Marryott, and stir up the fire gently, only just gently. It's very cold."

And the victim of conscience cowered and shivered over the scanty flame thus excited.

"Eugene, stay!" he continued, "don't you go; I don't like to be left, and there's so much business to be talked over, such trouble and expense." And the miser set about to calculate grudgingly the cost of his wife's funeral.

CHAPTER XVII.

Oh, lie not down, poor mourner,
On the cold earth in despair;
Why give the grave thy homage?
Does the spirit moulder there?
Cling to the Cross, thou lone one,
For it hath power to save.
If the Christian's hope forsake thee,
There's no hope beyond the grave.

HAYNES BAYLEY.

If it be terrible to look upon the face of the beloved dead in the first hours of dissolution—

"Before decay's effacing finger
Hath swept the cheek where beauty lingers,"

—what must it be when hour after hour, like the worm in the bud, the tyrant's power steals on its insiduous way, and we stand and gaze our last, and see and feel it *must* be so!

Yet through all this, from which strong man so often shrinks, leaving to woman's exhaustless fidelity the sacred care and mournful duty to the departed, did Eustace Trevor—"Love mastering agony"—maintain his watch, never allowing himself to be persuaded to quit the precincts of that chamber, till that dreadful moment which was to cover from his eyes all that in this world was precious to his heart—till a day more dreadful still should arrive to force it to a close. Night followed day, and morning chased away the shadows of darkness; but day and night were both alike to the dimned eyes—the stunned senses of the mourner. He never slept, and but sufficient of the food placed for him in the neighbouring room, as barely might preserve existence, ever passed his lips. He saw no one, but occasionally his brother, and an inferior domestic; no other dared approach him. Thus far he had triumphed.

For the rest, stunned and enfeebled, it was to him but as a dark bewildered dream, wherein he played his part; nor knew whether friend or foe were standing by his side, if those who loved, or those who hated him, were mingling in the solemn rite. The darkness of the sepulchre

seemed to have engulphed every sense or feeling of his soul.

He was taken home from the church almost in a state of insensibility, from which it seems that he awoke only too soon to consciousness and woe. Late in the evening, at dark, he was heard by some of the awed domestics seeking the deserted apartment of their mistress, and the following morning was not to be found within the house.

This was reported, and after some search the miserable young man was discovered, wet with the dews of heaven, stretched upon the turf which enclosed the family mausoleum, which had been open to receive the remains of his mother, and where he had probably lain all night.

He was carried back to his chamber, and placed under medical care, his brother showing much anxious solicitude on his behalf. The doctor, however, the common attendant on the family, pronounced his malady to be merely the effect of long fasting, watching and mental distress, and which it only required proper measures to allay; whilst for the better assurance of these measures being carried out, the worthy practitioner placed his patient under

the peculiar care and superintendance of his great ally, Mrs. Marryott, whose skill and prudence he held in most subservient and sycophantish esteem. And with most seeming assiduity, Mrs. Marryott entered upon the duties thus imposed.

If anything were likely to fan into flame the fever, already raging in the veins of the unhappy Eustace it would be, as is easily to be supposed, this most repugnant infliction he was powerless to resist. In vain he protested, as far as his feeble strength would allow him, against the repugnant imposition of such odious services upon him, entreating the assistance of his brother in his release, repulsing the detested woman's attentions, and refusing to touch the food or medicines offered by her hand.

His brother soothed or reasoned. The doctor told him he must not be agitated—felt his pulse, shook his head. Still that Marryott's hateful face, with its serpent smile, hung over him, uttering smooth words in oily accents in his shrinking ear, or creeping noiselessly about the room, whilst his fascinated eye fain would follow loathingly. No wonder, then, maddened and excited, that the fever

raged more intensely, till, mounting higher and higher, his very brain seemed on fire; every image, loved or hated, became distorted and indistinct to his mind; till, finally, he lay prostrate, raving, struggling, delirious, beneath the power of that fearful malady, which had attacked him once before—a brain fever!

* * * *

It was a cold, stormy November night. The father and son sat together close beside the library fire, after dinner; the latter musing absently over a newspaper he held before him, the former deep in the examination of an old leather pocket-book, where accounts and memorandums concerning money matters were noted down.

The door opened; both looked sharply round: it was Marryott. She put her head in at the door, and begged Mr. Eugene to come and speak to her. Eugene turned pale, started up, and hastened to obey the summons. Mr. Trevor looked after him, put his note-book carefully into his pocket, picked up, and appeared to peruse the newspaper his son had thrown down; but ever and anon, at every sound

that met his ear, his small dark eye might be seen peering eagerly towards the door.

"Well, well," turning eagerly towards Eugene, as he entered, looking still paler than when he left the room, but taking his seat as before, without speaking a word; "well, well, what's the matter? Where have you been?"

"With Marryott, talking to her. Panton has just come."

"Well, well—how is he?—worse?"

"Why, yes—I cannot say there is much improvement; but here's Marryott," as the door again opened; "she can tell you more about him and Panton's opinion."

Marryott entered, and stationed herself beside Mr. Trevor's chair, keeping her eyes fixed upon Eugene, as he sat leaning his elbows on his knees, and looking nervously down upon the ground.

"Well, well, Marryott, is he very bad? What does Panton think of him now?"

"He thinks very badly of him, indeed, Mr. Trevor," was her answer, in a solemn, mysterious voice.

"Really, really; Does he think that he will die?"

The woman cleared her throat.

"No, not quite that, though some might think it even worse."

She paused, and tried to catch Eugene's pertinaciously averted eye.

"Go on, go on. What, in the name of Heaven, is it then? Is he mad?"

"It is shocking to see him, Sir," Marryott hastened to rejoin, as if not sorry to have been spared the direct utterance of this communication; "and Mr. Panton has great fears whether his reason is not to an alarming degree affected. He cannot leave him; his violence becomes frightfully increased. Mr. Eugene saw how he was just now. If this continues, some measures must be taken. It is very dangerous to those about him."

She paused.

"Eh! Eugene, Eugene! This won't do, Eugene! What is to be done?" exclaimed the old man, in sudden panic, as he looked up. "He can't come here—can he? Dangerous! Why, he must not stay here then. I can't keep a madman in the house. Put him on a straight-waistcoat, and take him to the asylum

till he is better. I won't have him here, I tell you," cried the tender father.

"Hush, Sir, pray!—this is going too far," said Eugene, rising, and looking very grave and shocked. "I hope nothing so very extreme as this will be necessary, though indeed at present my brother is in a very fearful state. Panton has just sent for his assistant, as I should wish to keep the servants out of the way as much as possible; it would be making the dreadful affair too public."

"Well, well, what does that matter? It must come out some time or another. Did I not always say he was mad?" and a horrid gleam of something like exultation passed over the old man's countenance; "did he not always from a boy play the madman?"

Eugene listened with attentive consideration to his father's words, then looking up, met the significant glance of Marryott fixed upon him.

He turned away, and stood thoughtfully gazing into the fire. A pause of some length succeeded. Mr. Trevor had sat for some time musing, or rather calculating also, whilst Marryott stood watching with cold interest and

curiosity, the progress of a train of thought, of which her insinuations had kindled the first spark.

At length Eugene felt his arm touched. His father had made his way close up to his side.

"I say Eugene," and he whispered—but not so low that the third person should not overhear—some words in his ear.

His unhappy listener shrank as if the serpent's breath had in reality fanned his cheek. But he only shrank—he did not flee; and those "evil thoughts" from whence stand ready to pour forth like a flood, that fearful category of crime the gospel enumerates—were working within his breast, waiting but that same breath to breathe them forth into life and action.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A light broke in upon my brain;
It ceased, and then it came again;
And then by dull degrees came back
My senses to their wonted track.

BYRON.

It created no little consternation amongst the establishment of Montrevor, when it was delicately set about, amongst them, that Mr. Eustace Trevor, that noble, fine, generous-hearted young gentleman was *mad!* Some, said, no wonder, coming home as he did, to find his mother, whom he loved so well, dead. Others told how, indeed, they had been near his room, and heard his ravings. One woman could testify of what she had seen of his strange grief exhibited in the chamber of death. Some few shook their heads mysteriously, but preserved discreet—though significant silence.

Vague reports got abroad, of course to this

same effect. Neighbours called to inquire. Mr. Trevor and his youngest son were not visible; but the cautious answers given at the door concerning the health of Eustace, served but to confirm the fearful suspicions now let loose.

Some few of the suffering young man's particular friends, amongst them young de Burgh of Silverton, made efforts to visit him in person, but this was declared to be so perfectly impracticable, that every endeavour of the sort was obliged to be relinquished; and at length it became pretty generally known that Eustace Trevor was removed from Montrevor, though it was not exactly ascertained where, and under what circumstances.

Eugene Trevor still kept himself shut up, inaccessible to every visitor, and even the servants were not a set disposed to be very communicative concerning the family affairs; indeed, immediately after Mrs. Trevor's death, although at no time had it been on a very extensive scale, a great reduction had been made in the establishment—it was compressed into the smallest possible compass for the exigencies of the large house.

All the domestics perhaps knew on the subject

was, that on a certain day, about a fortnight after Mrs. Eustace had been taken so very ill, Mr. Panton had brought, besides his assistant, another medical gentleman to the house. One of the Trevor carriages had been brought round, and Mr. Eustace was carried down stairs and conveyed away therein by the two doctors; his state of mind—as Mrs. Marryott reported—having arrived at a pitch which rendered it absolutely necessary that he should be placed under more close and immediate medical treatment.

As for Mr. Eugene, it seemed that he took his brother's condition greatly to heart. They never saw a gentleman look so ill. He scarcely touched a morsel of food, nor left the house to breathe the fresh air, but sat shut up in the library with the old gentleman; which must, they all thought, be very bad for him, both in mind and body—worse even than going off to London and racketting there, as they heard was his wont, though he did manage to keep it so snug and make himself such a favourite with his father. They wondered indeed how he managed with the old gentleman. They well knew how poor Mr. Eustace had been treated,

and should always think Mr. Trevor had helped to drive him mad; but it was only like the proverb which says that "one man may steal a horse out of the field, whilst another may not as much as look over the hedge."

* * * *

There is a pretty looking country-house about five miles distant from Montrevor, of which travellers as they pass generally ask the name, and are astonished when they hear its nature and appropriation; so little, excepting perhaps the wall surrounding the premises, is there in its exterior, as seen from the road, calculated to give the beholder an idea of its belonging to to any such class of institution as it really does. The interior too, on a stranger's first entrance, would not be likely to enlighten him. There are pretty drawing-rooms below, looking upon lawns and gardens, in which well-dressed people are seen to sit or walk; and who give one little idea, by their carriage, behaviour, or even sometimes by their conversation, what has brought them there, and under which dreadful malady they are supposed to be labouring.

They seem to be treated in the kindest

manner, and entertained and accommodated as in every way would be accordant with the immense sum which has gained for them the privilege of an entrance into this asylum of wealthy woe; for woe—yes, one of those worst of woes flesh is heir to—lies concealed beneath the glittering surface of appearances such as we are describing. And few would wish to pierce, even if allowed, farther into "the secrets of that prison-house," lest sounds or sights which freeze the blood and harrow the soul might be listened to and revealed.

In a remote chamber of this mansion, between whose close grated windows the light of day but feebly straggled through blinds which debarred all outward view, Eustace Trevor had opened his eyes, and for the first time for many a day felt his brain cool, his mind clear, his vision disentangled from those false and disturbed images which hitherto had so tormented it, and reduced him an unconscious unresisting prey into the hand of the enemy. The crisis had passed—a deep but healthy sleep had succeeded. "The wild fever had swept away like an angry red cloud, and the refreshing summer rain began to fall upon the parched earth."

But where and under what circumstances did this change find him?

He had no assured remembrance of what had been. It only seemed to him at first that he had awoke out of a long, disturbed and painful slumber, of which confused dreams and horrid visions had composed the greater portion. He felt that he had been ill, and was feeble beyond description—too feeble at first to turn his eyes around—to raise his hands, upon which, clasped together on his breast, there seemed to lay, as upon his other limbs, some dead and oppressive weight.

He closed his eyes — the light, faint as it was, pained his long unconscious sight—and yielded himself again to that passive state of immovability to which he seemed reduced.

He lay for some time in this manner, memory and consciousness working their way by dull degrees within his soul. There was a profound stillness reigning round him, which induced the drowsiness of exhaustion, and he was relapsing into a half wakeful dose, when the rumbling of carriage-wheels broke faintly on the silence; and soon after, a confused movement in the house more effectually, but still vaguely aroused his

attention. Then followed the hushed sound of human voices ; and one, raised above all others, in a terrible, but, as it were, quickly stifled shriek, caused him fearfully to start up in a sitting posture upon the bed.

He heard no other sound but that of a door being closed and fastened heavily, and, as it seemed, at no great distance from his own. Yet at the same moment, as by an instinctive sympathy with the ideas suggested in his mind, he tried to move his arms once more. Still they resisted every freedom of action. He struggled —he looked—he felt what a cold, leaden power it was, that thus constrained them, and strength seemed to return as fiercely. The unfortunate Eustace struggled to tear his wrists asunder. But no—more than the strength of a stronger man than he was needed to tear away those bonds ; for it was under no mere physical weakness, but bonds of iron, against which he had to contend, and his efforts served but to gall and bruise the limbs they encircled.

Eustace gazed around him. His eyes fixed upon the grated window, and a look of indescribable horror stole over that fine but emaciated countenance. He tried to put his feet to the

ground, and found them too strongly bound together; but still he managed to move them from the bed upon the floor, and thus he sat, and again gazed round his prison walls.

Suddenly a man appeared by his side. The captive—for such he might be called—met the firm, peculiar regard this person fixed upon him, with the full, clear glance of his powerful dark eyes; then looking down at the chains which bound him, said in a tone of earnest, but composed inquiry:

"Good heavens! do you mean to say that all this has been necessary? Where am I? Where is Mr. Panton? Can I speak to him?"

"Mr. Panton is not in attendance at present upon you; but there is another gentleman, who will visit you at the appointed time. He is now engaged."

"Oh, very well; but at least be so good as to relieve me from these skackles. I am perfectly sane now, you see, at any rate; and weak enough, God knows! to be perfectly harmless," he added, as sinking back upon the pillows, he faintly offered his hands for the required release.

"When Dr. Miller arrives, Sir," replied the man, "I have no doubt your wishes will be

obeyed; but I cannot take upon myself to do anything of the kind without his authority. In less than an hour he will be here. Till then, Sir," with decision, turning the bed-clothes over the patient, "be so good as to lie as quiet as possible, and take this light nourishment I have brought you."

"No, no, Sir! Till Dr. Miller arrives, I consent—because I have no power to do otherwise—to lie here chained like a maniac, but not a drop of nourishment do I take till I am at liberty to receive it in my own hands. To have it sent down my throat that way, I cannot allow; so attempt it on your peril. You see as well as possible that I am not *mad* now, if I have ever been so, which I very much doubt. I have had a brain fever I imagine. I had one once before in my life; but this last may have been more violent in its effects, and at its height I suppose I was incarcerated as a lunatic here. You see, Sir, I have a pretty clear idea of the true state of the case, so take care what you do. And now be so good as to let this Dr. Miller be sent to me with as little delay as possible."

The keeper, for such he was, did not attempt

any further parley. He only said soothingly that he should be obeyed, watched his noble-looking charge turn and resettle himself as conveniently as he could, with an air of disdainful pride, upon his pallet-couch, and departed to report concerning him.

In about an hour Dr. Miller arrived. Eustace fixed his eyes calmly and firmly upon him as he stood by his bedside, looking gravely and anxiously into his patient's face. But when the medical man proceeded in the same way to feel his pulse, Eustace said, yielding with a wan smile his fettered wrists:

"I think, Doctor, you will be able to manage that better without these cuffs — ornaments which I can, if you please, dispense with at your leisure."

But the doctor with silent deliberation performed his office; then relaxing his hold, and fixing his eyes again earnestly on his patient, said after another silent pause:

"Yes, Sir, you are better—certainly better; and a week or two of quiet I hope may perfectly restore you. Jefferies, you are wanted."

And in obedience to his sign, the assistant, who reappeared at the moment, proceeded to

undo the fastenings of both legs and arms; and whilst so doing, the doctor and his factotum significantly looked at each other, as on removing the clumsy apparatus intended as handcuffs, the fearfully lacerated and wounded state of poor Eustace Trevor's wrists became visible.

"These are, indeed, awkward customers," whispered the man.

"Most unnecessary!" was the low-toned reply.

The fact was, that the ignorant, time-serving village doctor—a particular ally of Marryott's,—had taken upon himself thus to torture the insensible man, knowing perfectly that the greater semblance of insanity he could substantiate in his patient, the more he should gain favour in the sight of Marryott and her employers.

Eagerly the imprisoned one sat up, and watched the progress of this operation, as if like an enchained eagle awaiting his release to spread his wings and take its sunward flight. But at the same moment as the bonds relaxed their hold, a sudden faintness came over him, and sinking back again upon his pillow, he gasped an entreaty for water.

It was given to him, with other restoratives.

The doctor forbade him to speak, gave further orders to the assistant, and left the room. And that day, and the next, and throughout the week, Eustace was treated as any other man recovering from a dangerous fever might have been; and day after day, as gradually he felt his strength returning, was he the more content to submit calmly, and patiently, to the discipline to which he was subjected—the perfect quiet imposed upon him, feeling as he did, that thus the sooner would he be able to exact that explanation as to his present position, and his release therefrom, which he so earnestly desired.

We will not attempt to imagine the thoughts and feelings which must have worked within the soul of the sick man, as he lay there, within that grated chamber.

"Fearfulness and trembling have taken hold upon me, and a horrible dread has overwhelmed me."

The very idea of finding himself in such a place, was enough of itself to affect the strongest mind with revolting feelings. But with that idea, the dark doubt, and uncertainty as to the circumstances attendant on his position—whether the cause had really justified the dreadful mea-

sures which had been employed; or if—equally revolting idea! — the unnatural persecution which had haunted him from his birth, had taken this last dark means of wreaking itself on its victim; if so, to what extent might it not be carried? And at the best, had not enough already been done to fix the brand of madness for ever on his name—

"Blighting his life in best of his career."

We need not say, how agonizing thoughts of his late mother mingled with this sterner woe, how he seemed to float alone on a stormy sea of trouble, that star of light which once alone had illumined his darkness, now withdrawn to shine upon a higher, purer sphere, till in moments of despair he was tempted, poor, unfortunate young man! to implore of Heaven that those deep black waters might engulph him for ever in their depth—that he might die! for "what now was his life good unto him?"

CHAPTER XIX.

Feel I not wrath with those who placed me here,
Who have debased me in the minds of men,
Debarring me the usage of my own,
Blighting my life in best of its career,
Branding my thoughts as things to spurn and fear.

BYRON.

A WEEK passed thus, and at the close, Eustace was not only permitted to leave his bed, but was removed during the day to a lower room, opening upon an enclosed court, into which, though still feeble, he was permitted to stroll at his pleasure, undisturbed by the sight or presence of any of the wretched inmates of the establishment. Here his proud form at length one day confronted the doctor; and as he drew near, to inquire after his patient, Eustace thus accosted him:

"Having so far recovered, Doctor, I suppose

you will now be so good as to satisfy my mind by answering a few questions I am naturally anxious to put to you. First of all, how long may I have remained in that house before I became conscious of being chained up like a wild beast in his den?"

"My dear Sir, it is our practice never to allow our patients to agitate or excite themselves by any discussion upon the subject of their late illnesses; but I may tell you so far, that you came under my charge here the night before the day from which I may date the period of your convalescence."

"And in what state was I conveyed here? I now seem to have some slight recollection of feeling myself borne along in a carriage; but it is all confused like the rest."

"No doubt, Sir; but your question I must beg to decline answering: it is one of those which are forbidden."

"And by whose authority was I committed to this place, may I be permitted to inquire *that?*"

The doctor hesitated, but looking on his patient, there was something in his countenance and demeanour which seemed to exert its due

weight on one—the secret of whose profession was influence over others, and a thorough knowledge of the workings of the countenances of those with whom they have to deal.

"By the proper authorities in such cases, Sir—the certificates of two medical practitioners and your near relation."

"My father, I conclude?"

"No, Sir; the party who stood forward on this occasion, was your brother."

"My brother!"

Those words were repeated as if with them a weight of lead had fallen on the listener's heart, and stunned it.

Eustace Trevor stood transfixed for a moment, in silent thought; then turning from the doctor's inquisitive gaze, took two or three turns along the grass, with folded arms, and head sunk low upon his bosom.

At last he paused, and stood once more before the doctor, who still remained steadfastly regarding him.

"I suppose, at any rate, that now, Sir, there can be no reason for my remaining any longer under your charge?"

"I hope, indeed, Mr. Trevor, that there may be but a very little time necessary."

"*Necessary!* No, I should think not. To-night, Sir, it is my wish to leave your establishment."

The doctor smiled soothingly.

"Come, my dear Sir, not quite so fast as all that—you are not quite—quite well yet."

"Quite well, Sir, as far as concerns your branch of the profession; and when I tell you that, it is my firm conviction that I never ought to have been here, and that I shall take care to make this generally known, I think you will see the expediency of making no attempt to detain me, contrary to my inclination."

The doctor again smiled compassionately. When were his unhappy patients ever known to remain, according to their own pleasure, within those walls?

"Very well, Sir—very well; no threats are needed—I only wait your friends' consent.

"*My friends!*" and there was a mournful intonation on these words. "Well, Sir," with a commanding air, "be so good as to gain that consent as soon as possible—my father's, my

brother's, and of one called Mabel Marryott, I conclude. I might not be so inclined to await patiently their decision, were I not unwilling," glancing at the high wall surrounding him, and towards the spot where he knew a keeper, in the absence of the doctor, watched his movements unseen, "to employ that physical force, which I see is expected in this place."

The doctor bowed complacently and withdrew, after stealing a significant look at his attendant minister. But the warning it intended to imply, was not needed. The spirit of Eugene Trevor was bowed down to the very dust with its load of bitterness.

He returned into the house, and remained that evening plunged in a dark dejection, which he felt the necessity of shaking off, lest that horrible thing should indeed creep over his mind, of which he was accused.

The following morning he again made application to Dr. Miller concerning his release, but received only an equivocal reply.

His brother was from home, and the necessary answer was not to be obtained; his father —he was ill, and they feared to bring the subject before him. Eustace reasoned, then com-

manded as to the expediency of waiving all such forms, and his dismissal being given without further prevarication or delay. This was declined civilly, as to a reasonable being; but still the mind of the unfortunate prisoner was irritated and goaded, by perceiving that every precaution was taken for the security of his person. He was loth to having recourse to any violent attempt to perpetrate his escape; but when one day, after time had gone on, and he plainly saw that some other authority than the doctor's influenced his detention; a feeling almost of real distraction began to take possession of his mind, and he determined that those hated walls should hold him no longer—that like a very madman, if it must be so, he would break his bonds and make the very neighbourhood ring with the wrongs he had received.

Though his noble spirit pined, his physical strength was returning. He often measured with his eye the form of the keeper, who so skilfully managed to dog his steps and movements, and thought how little it would take him, if it ever was needed, to fell that, comparatively speaking, puny form to the ground, or that of any one who attempted to oppose

his lawful exit from that house. A providential accident came at length to his aid.

One afternoon, when seated drearily, meditating over his fate, and endeavouring to invent expedients for his immediate emancipation, in the private sitting-room accorded to him, he heard a noise in the passage—a scraping of feet and sounds of horrid laughter. All this had become natural to his ear; but it just occurred to him to look out of the door into the anteroom, where his constant *attaché* was generally in attendance. He was gone. Some peculiar exigency had demanded his immediate services towards the unfortunate, whose voice he had just heard.

A few hasty strides and Eustace was in the outer corridor: it was empty. He stood one second irresolute, which way to turn; then offered up a silent prayer to Heaven and started forward, he knew not whither.

CHAPTER XX.

Howsoever these things be, a long farewell to Locksley Hall,
Now for me the woods may wither, now for me the roof-tree fall.

TENNYSON.

The shades of evening were closing over Montrevor, and candles had just been lighted in the library, earlier than usual, as it seemed, for the completion of some urgent business with which its occupants were employed.

There were three individuals seated round the writing-table: Mr. Trevor, his son Eugene, and a third person, who, with pen in hand, with parchment opened before him, looked what he really was—a lawyer. He wrote some time in silence, the old man rocking himself backwards and forwards in his chair, as if nervous and weary; and the other leaning over

the table, watching the proceedings of the scribe with anxious interest plainly revealed in his dark, but handsome countenance. At length, finishing with a flourish, the man of business looked up, and asked for the witnesses.

Eugene Trevor was about hastily to rise and ring the bell, when, as if by fortunate coincidence, Mabel Marryott entered the room.

"Oh, exactly; here is one, at any rate," he said, resuming his seat; and the woman advancing, was directed by the lawyer to sign the papers on which he had been occupied.

Marryott still held the pen in her hand, having accomplished the act, and was glancing at her master's son with something of a congratulatory leer upon her countenance, as he bent over eagerly towards the document, whilst Mr. Trevor's shrill voice, at the same moment, was raised in irritated inquiry, as to who was to be the other witness; exclaiming, that they had better make haste and call some one else, and let the business be at an end.

"No need of that—*I* am here as witness!" exclaimed a deep, low voice, whose thrilling tones burst upon the listeners' ears like thunder before the lightning flash.

Three of the assembled party, at least—the father, the son and that guilty woman—shrank from the fire of that dark, full eye, which glanced accusingly down upon them; for Eustace Trevor stood suddenly in the midst, at the very table round which was collected the startled group.

A faint shriek escaped the lips of Mr. Trevor, accompanied by the words:

"Secure him—he is mad!"

But no one stirred. There was something more powerful than the fear of madness in their hearts, which kept the others rooted to the spot whereon they sat or stood.

The lawyer indeed, as was most natural considering the reported facts on which his late business had been founded, cast a timid glance towards the door, and, had he dared, would have risen to seek that aid which he concluded would be requisite.

There was besides something in the appearance of the unhappy man before him, which accorded with Mr. A.'s preconceived idea of his circumstances and condition—his countenance wild and haggard from the recent excitement and exertion which had attended his escape, as

well as from the uneffaced effects of grief and illness—his disordered and unusual appearance; and the lawyer turned a glance towards his brother, to ascertain what was to be done; but Eugene sat shrinking and ashy pale, endeavouring but in vain to meet with anything like composure, that steadfast glance the *madman* fixed upon his face.

A touch upon his arm, made Mr. A. look round. It was Mabel Marryott who thus sought to attract his attention; and in obedience to her significant glance, he was about to rise stealthily and leave the room, when a voice of stern command detained him.

"Be so good, Sir, as to remain where you are for the present. I may be allowed perhaps to glance my eye over this document, in which I have my suspicions I am in no small degree concerned."

There was no resisting the tone in which these words were uttered. No hand save one, and that a woman's, was raised to prevent the firm but quiet movement with which the speaker stretched forth his hand and lifted the parchment from the table — Mabel Marryott

alone made a sharp but ineffectual movement, as if with all the power of her malignant will she would have secured the paper from the wronged one's grasp.

Perfect silence reigned whilst Eustace Trevor stood and read the paper through from beginning to end—a deed which, under plea of his own insanity and consequent incompetency, signed over to his brother Eugene, as guardian and trustee, the whole management and power over the entailed estate of Montrevor and the property appertaining thereto, at such time as he, Eustace Trevor, as heir-at-law, should by the testator Henry Trevor's death, come into nominal possession.

This, of course drawn out with legal amplitude and precision, Eustace attentively perused; then, when some probably were expecting its destruction, the document was calmly replaced upon the table.

"And now, Sir," turning to the lawyer, "you will perhaps do me the favour to withdraw; and you, woman, I desire you to do the same."

It was wonderful to see the power which the calm and lofty indignation, swelling in that

wronged man's breast, seemed to exercise over the minds of those who so late had triumphantly trampled upon his very heart.

As for the lawyer, he hesitated not to rise, and prepare to obey that implied command; for he saw that neither of his employers were inclined to interfere.

The old man sat as one paralyzed, and the younger with compressed lips, and contracted downcast brow, seemed to await in sullen silence and discomfort the issue of the powerful scene; and Marryott even, though she paused for a moment, considered better of it, and swept from the apartment with the air of a Lady Macbeth. Those three were then left together alone. The injured face to face with the foes of his own household—his father and his brother!

What should he say to these? or rather to him—his brother? To the other, he had long ceased to look but as on one who had forfeited all right to the name of father. "For what one amongst ye, who if his son ask a fish will he give him a serpent; or if he ask for bread will give him a stone," and by what better manner of speech figure forth all that old man had ever done by him, his luckless son? Nay, if this

were all—if he could but have paused here, and forgotten how that father had played the part of husband to a sainted mother; but he looked not on *him* now—he looked only to him, that mother's son; from whom, in spite of all he might have ever had to reprobate and forgive, it had not entered into his thoughts to conceive cruel perfidy such as that, of which since entering that room he had become but the more fully convinced he had been made the victim; and the bitterness of death—during that first instant that he thus stood reading in his brother Eugene's sullen, downcast brow, a too certain confirmation of his guilt—overwhelmed his soul.

But it passed over, and was gone; and a just and righteous indignation re-asserted its dominion in its place.

"Eugene," he said, "that paper," and he pointed to the legal document before him, "throws but too clear a light on the transactions of which I have been made the victim. Oh, how could you allow that demon, covetousness, to gain such empire over your heart? Cain, in the angry passion of the moment, slew his brother; but you, in cold-blooded calculation, could bend yourself to an act which time

and circumstances, perhaps remote, could alone turn to your advantage."

"Eustace!" stammered his brother; "I excuse this intemperate language on your part, for of course you cannot appreciate the circumstances of the case; but any one would be ready to justify the necessary, but painful, course of conduct to which we were reduced. In whatever state of mind you may be now, there are others to testify as to the fact—"

"Pshaw! justify—who will justify one, who, during the temporary delirium of a brain fever, confined his own brother to a mad-house! affixed to his name that stamp and stigma which must cling to it for the remainder of his days; or, still more unwarrantable and cruel, the evident attempts to detain him in that mad-house, long after any reasonable possible excuse was afforded? But I can plainly read the motive which thus influenced you—too plainly, alas! Eugene, two months ago I had not conceived such conduct possible; but I know you *now*. I think I can pretty well divine what has been the course of conduct you have pursued; you have been to London, perhaps—"

He paused. There was no denial.

"You went to your clubs; and there very surely took means to establish the fact of your eldest brother's melancholy condition—his insanity, his confinement!"

Eugene Trevor in a hoarse and angry voice would have attempted some reply, but Eustace's indignant voice overpowered him.

"And then you brought that man down," he continued, "to fill up the measure of your iniquity, and one scratch of the pen alone was needed now to make it good. Let it be done. That paper of his, that base and villainous forgery, now lies before me at my mercy. But I scorn to touch it. I treat it as it is—a worthless, valueless nothing. If I but chose to follow your example—go, call my friends and neighbours about me, declare before them all the unnatural fraud which has been practised upon me; yes, show them this," and he bared his blackened, wounded wrists, "and ring in their astounded ears, what, and *for what*, it entered a brother's heart to conceive an act of such atrocity; then, do you think that I could not manage to make those who knew, and cared for me, credit my testimony before that of an abandoned woman and two ignorant

time-serving country doctors? Ask Dr. Miller, would he even dare to say, my attack was anything but the temporary delirium of fever?"

"Merciful heavens, Eugene!" murmured Mr. Trevor, trying in an under tone to gain his younger son's attention, without being heard by the other. "Is there no one at hand to stop him—to secure him?"

But Eustace caught the muttered syllables, and turned sternly round.

"No one, Sir; who will dare to do it? Think not that I entered *your* house without precaution against what I there had every reason to expect. These," drawing a brace of pistols from his pocket, "I found opportunity to obtain; and should one of these poor trembling menials by your orders, dare—"

"Eugene! Eugene! are they loaded? for the love of Heaven save me; he will murder us all!" Mr. Trevor exclaimed in terror.

"Eustace! this is indeed madness!" the brother would have said, but shame choked the words within his throat; "this violence is most uncalled for. What motive could there now be on our part for having recourse to such ex-

pedients as you seem to fear. I assure you, you are quite at liberty to remain, or depart at your pleasure; and as for what has been done, I am quite ready to answer for my conduct," he added doggedly, "if you choose to drag the matter forward so publicly."

"Would you be so prepared, Eugene? Dare not repeat that falsehood, wretched man. Fear not, I will not drag you forward to such a test. I hate, I curse you not for what you have done, but the cause, the sin which brought you to commit it. I do abhor, nay, I am sickened unto death, of the very world in which I have suffered so much, and in which sin so despicable and revolting can exist; still more with the home (if it be not sacrilege to use that hallowed name in such a case) in which it asserts such hateful power. The very air I breathe beneath it seems to choke me; if all the gold which fills the coffers of its master were laid in heaps before my feet, that would not make it tolerable to my heart. Rejoice then, when I swear that never under this roof together with you two—my most unnatural relations, shall I again set my foot. I have borne and suffered too much within its walls. I willingly resign all sonship, brotherhood, with

those who have trampled on every human tie. I leave you to carry out, as far as in you lies, your hearts' desires. I shake the very dust off my feet, and depart. I leave this place to-night, this country, perhaps, to-morrow, caring not that for the present the stigma you have cast upon my name must remain. You, Sir, should we never meet again on earth, may Heaven forgive! *You*, Eugene, farewell; *we* may meet again in this world, but never again as brothers."

He turned, and was gone. None saw him depart. He went out into the dark night; and many within that house who had heard of his startling arrival, concluded that he had been secretly restored to the asylum from which he had made his escape. Only a few days after, an old servant, much attached to Mrs. Trevor and her second son, who on his dismissal from Montrevor had served Eustace during his residence at Oxford, appeared at the hall, with authority from his master to gather and pack up all the effects belonging to him; and having done so without molestation, he silently conveyed them away.

He threw no light upon the subject, or on

his master's destination. Indeed, it was soon afterwards ascertained, by those chiefly interested in the matter, that he was equally ignorant on the point as themselves.

Eugene Trevor remained for some time at Montrevor, then returned to the world, to find the general impression apparently continuing as it was before, concerning the derangement and consequent confinement of his brother. Then it was deemed advisable to report that the unhappy young man was so far recovered, that he had gone abroad under proper guardianship; and the world, too busy with its own affairs to keep up any long-sustained interest or inquiry into the fate and fortune of those removed out of their light, were contented to suppose this to be the case; and when some years had run their course, as we have seen, and nothing more had been seen or heard of the unhappy Eustace Trevor, many gave him up as lost for ever to society, and Eugene, gay, prosperous, and invested with all importance and privilege in his father's house, had soon assumed in the eyes of the world a certain—though it might be somewhat equivocal—position as heir, under some few restrictions, to the property and estates of Montrevor.

CHAPTER XXI.

Fain would I fly the haunts of men ;
I seek to shun, not hate mankind.
My breast requires the sullen glen,
Whose gloom may suit a darkened mind.
Oh that to me the wings were given
Which bear the turtle to her nest !
Then would I cleave the vault of Heaven,
To flee away, and be at rest.

BYRON.

On the borders of a lake in one of the wildest and most remote parts of North Wales, stands a rude inn, the resort, during the proper season of the year, of those who for the sake of the fishing the lake affords, are content to put up with the homely fare and simple accommodation it affords. But when that time has passed away —when the calm, glittering lake is deformed by constant rains, and lashed into fury by the driving storms of winter—when those majestic

mountains have exchanged their ever-varying glories for mists and blackness, have donned their wintry garb, and are in character with wintry skies—there cannot be imagined a more desolate and dreary scene than that spot presents; and the inn, of course, stands comparatively tenantless. Yet for three whole winter months, a gentleman of whom none of nobler appearance had ever perhaps honoured it with their presence, made that humble hostelry his abode.

Alone he came, and alone he remained. He dispatched or received no communication from beyond those mist-covered mountains which surrounded him; but little did those simple, unsophisticated people care to wonder or inquire. Unimportuned by curiosity, the visitor pursued his solitary existence, climbing those bleak and trackless mountains, or tossing upon the stormy lake. No sound of human voice, but in the uncouth and unknown language of the country, scarcely every falling on his ear.

He had some few books with him, but he scarcely read, save in one, the Bible. Plenty of money the stranger was provided with, for he paid his expenses handsomely, and gave often

freely to those few poor who came in his way; but yet his very name remained a mystery, if that could be called mystery, which none cared to inquire or ascertain; and when the first warm beams of springtide sun melted the snow upon the mountain-tops, as suddenly as he came, so he departed, none knew or asked whither.

But he did not, as it seems, go far. In a small Welsh town, not twenty miles distant, a few days after, and that stranger, who it seemed had, uninjured, so roughly exposed himself to the fatigues and inclemency of the wintry weather during his sojourn in his late retreat, lay dangerously ill in a comfortable little inn belonging to the place; unknown here also, but tended with all the disinterested care and kindness which seldom fails to cheer the stranger in that mountain land. Skilful medical attendance was happily provided; and the fever, against whose advances the sufferer, with a peculiarly nervous dread, seemed to battle—by proper means was subdued, and the sick man partially recovered.

As he lay upon his bed one of the first mornings after his convalescence, a merry peal from the bells of the neighbouring church burst upon his ear. Merrier and merrier they conti-

nued to ring, and the invalid turned sadly and wearily round upon his pillow, as if he would fain have escaped from sounds of joy, harmonizing so little with his lonely heart.

"Truly there is a joy with which the stranger intermeddleth not."

But still those sounds, as if in very mockery and despite, continued to clash forth at intervals during the day, caring little for the sick hearts and wounded spirits upon which that merriment might chance to jar.

"You are very gay," the stranger said with a melancholy smile to his landlady, when she came to attend him that day; and the remark was answered by the ready information, that the bells were this day ringing on occasion of a marriage which that morning had taken place in the neighbourhood, the bride being a young lady of a family of long standing in these parts. The gentleman, a widower and a Scotchman, &c. But all this her listener heeded not.

* * * *

"Bells thou soundest merrily
When the bridal party
To the church doth hie;

Bells thou soundest solemnly,
When on Sabbath mornings,
Fields deserted lie."

It was Sunday morning, and all the people of the place were flocking to the Welsh service of the church; but the English stranger mingled not with these. No—rather as he had turned wearily away from the mad music of the marriage-bell, did his languid footsteps turn aside, when now in more solemn cadence it sounded in his ear.

Not as yet was his soul attuned to enter that house of God, and offer up prayers and praises with a thankful heart. To that lonely man, it would have been indeed requiring a song, a melody, in his heaviness—to "sing the Lord's song in a strange land."

He left the quiet town—crossed the bridge above the swift-flowing river, and wandered far away, slowly, as his partially-renewed strength alone would admit, and resting often, but still as if he breathed more freely the farther and farther he felt himself proceeding from the haunts of men; whilst at every step he took, beauty and magnificence, decking that bright spring morning in their best array, met his

enchanted view; and the sense of enjoyment seemed to return, and that of loneliness to be —removed.

For the young man's mood was one of those most sensitively to realise the idea, that "high mountains are a feeling, but the hum of human cities torture."

Thus he wandered on, till a hamlet, crowned by the woods of one or two gentlemen's seats, came in view; and he was forced by his weakness to stop, and crave a cup of milk at a quiet farm in its outskirts, its simple inmates also inviting him to sit down and rest; and then he found that time had passed much swifter than he thought, for it was long past noon.

Whilst he was lingering still, the church bells here too began to ring; and Eustace Trevor (for he it was) felt that he could not escape from the voice which seemed to cry unto his soul: "Let us go up into the house of the Lord."

The little church appeared to be almost empty, when he first entered; but an old lady and gentleman came in at the same time, and seeing the stranger, immediately offered him a

seat in their large square pew; and he, though far from willingly, could not but accept the civility.

Other members were added to the congregation, and then a clergyman of infirm appearance entered the reading-desk, awaiting but that the noise of the school-children's feet mounting to the little gallery should cease, to commence in a feeble voice the service.

Inattentive the ear—insensible the heart of that man who, having suffered deeply, finds himself unaffected, when first, after some period of cessation, prayer after prayer, clause after clause of our beautiful Liturgy breathes upon his ear.

Eustace Trevor was not that man; and fervent were the emotions inspired in a breast which long had yielded itself to a kind of morbid gloomy insensibility; and it was, perhaps, only the presence of strangers which rendered him able to restrain them from their more open demonstration. Not, however, was it until the wild voices of the mountain children, enriched by notes of less untamed beauty, were raised in songs of praise, that any outward object diverted the absorption of his rapt spirit.

Then Eustace Trevor lifted up his eyes, and could not fail to remark three young ladies also in the gallery, who stood side by side, mingling their voices with the humble choir; and their appearance at once fixed his attention, not so much for any personal beauty they might possess, as for the goodness, innocence, and unaffected devotion shining so clearly on each upturned face. In proof of which it might have been observed, that after the first general glance over the group, it was not so much on the elder of the sisters, lovely in a most striking degree, neither upon the blooming Hebe of fifteen, as upon that pale, and gentle-looking girl, who stood between the two, on whom the stranger's eye more especially lingered—and loved her, even as he gazed.

For there was something in the pensive sweetness of those eyes—the open purity of the brow—the meek and quiet, yet high-toned spirit, which shone from every feature of the young girl's face, that went directly to his heart. His excited fancy even travelled so far, as to behold in her a likeness to that being who had passed into the heavens; and once—only once, when her voice in sweet but timid accents

swelled singly in the choir, he held his breath to catch each low, yet thrilling tone, "for it sounds to him like his mother's voice singing in Paradise."

Eustace Trevor returned to the inn, but more than once during the following week did the stranger turn his pony's head towards the valley of Ll—— (we will spare our readers a name they perhaps would not be able to read aright); and on Sunday afternoon, he did not fail again to seek the village church, expecting that it would be for the last time—for he purposed departing on the morrow—it not suiting his intentions to remain in any one place so long as to draw down upon himself remark or inquiry.

And perhaps a few weeks more, had he carried out his designs, might have found him a wanderer on a foreign shore. But who can tell what a day may bring forth?

It was early when he arrived at the church, the bells even had not began; and on reparing to a retired part of the church-yard, where a lovely view was to be obtained, he suddenly came in contact with the clergyman who had officiated the previous Sunday.

He bowed to Eustace—who returned the salutation—and passed on with feeble steps, having regarded the stranger somewhat curiously; but scarcely had the latter reached his destined resting-place, when he heard a footstep approaching, and looking round saw the clergyman had returned, and immediately accosted him.

"Sir," speaking with evident difficulty, "I must beg you to excuse the liberty I am taking in thus addressing you; but may I ask—I scarcely dare to hope it to be the case—may I ask," glancing at Eustace's black garb, and the deep crape round his hat, "whether by any chance you are a clergyman?"

Eustace was taken by surprise, but a melancholy smile crossed his features, as he looked and murmured an affirmative.

The inquirer's countenance evidently brightened.

"I conclude, Sir, that you are a stranger in these parts," he rejoined. "I think I saw you here last Sunday—I scarcely know whether you will not think me very bold, when I ask you whether you would be so very obliging as to assist me in the service this afternoon? A

friend whom I expected has failed me at the last moment; and you will hear, by my voice, that if I am able to get through a ten minutes' sermon, it will be as much as I can manage."

Eustace Trevor thought so indeed—but the sudden demand upon his services almost bewildered him, and for a moment he was silent. The clergyman looked a little surprised at the apparent hesitation, a perception of which recalled Eustace to recollection.

What right had he to refuse—what excuse could he offer?

He looked upon the evidently suffering man, and said he should be happy to lend him the assistance he required.

The clergyman thanked him warmly, and they walked together to the vestry.

Eustace Trevor, with strange feelings, found himself thus called to enter upon the duties of the profession, it had become almost like a dream to him ever to have embraced.

CHAPTER XXII.

> This man
> Is of no common order, as his front
> And presence here denote.
>
> BYRON.

"Oh Lord correct me, but with judgment; not in thine anger, lest thou bring me to nothing."

Not an eye perhaps amongst that little congregation that was not lifted up, when, in thrilling strains, like the rich deep notes of an organ, the stranger's voice swept through the low arches of the simple temple, in that opening sentence of the service.

Not one amongst them, the most simple and illiterate, who did not hold their breath as he proceeded, lest they should lose one note of a voice

> "Most musical, most melancholy,"

which gave such new magic to each familiar

word of prayer, or praise, or exhortation he offered up.

"Who could that be? who read the prayers, Mary?" said Selina Seaham to her sister, when they left the church. "It is the same stranger who sat in our pew last Sunday."

"What a beautiful voice!" was the answer.

"Most beautiful; but more than that, Mary, I never saw a more striking looking person."

"I did not look at him," was the quiet reply; "I only *felt* that the prayers and lessons were read as *we* seldom hear them."

"Poor Mr. Wynne! it was painful to listen to him afterwards. It is really cruel that he cannot get a more regular assistant: Sir Hugh should really manage it for him. Mary, do use your influence over the worthy Baronet when he returns," the sister added slyly.

Mary blushed, and shook her head. She had a short time ago yielded up all claims upon the influence she might so largely have possessed; but ere the following Sunday came round, the wishes of the young ladies, in this respect, had been satisfied beyond their most sanguine expectations.

* * * *

Eustace Trevor had not been able to escape from the church, at the close of the service, without a renewal of the clergyman's thanks for the services he had so obligingly rendered him. Indeed, even then he did not seem at all inclined to part from his stranger friend; and after a little more conversation respecting the beauties of the neighbourhood, he offered—seeing that Eustace also had his horse in readiness—to conduct him a little *en détour* from the route back to ——, in order to show him the view from his own house, most romantically situated amidst the woods on the high ground flanking the valley. Eustace could not well decline the offer, and they rode on together.

His companion had soon shown himself to be a man of higher birth and education, than are usually found amongst ministers of such remote districts of the Principality. He had been settled for many years in this living, and was enthusiastic in his love and admiration of the country; so much so, that it seemed not even his failing health could induce him to relinquish his post; although, as it had been the case this afternoon, both himself and con-

gregation often ran the risk of being put to great inconvenience and extremity: the asthmatic complaint under which he laboured being of a most uncertain and capricious character, and the English service being entirely dependant on his powers.

All this the good man communicated to Eustace on the way. His frank and simple confidence on every subject connected with himself and his concerns, without the least demonstration of curiosity respecting his companion, winning gradually on Eustace's sensations of security and ease, he accepted the clergyman's invitation to enter his abode; the beauty and romantic seclusion of whose situation excited his deep admiration and envy.

The original, but amiable and intelligent conversation of its possessor, won more and more on his favour and confidence; the other, on his part, evidently felt himself to be in the society of a being to whom some more than common degree of interest attached. His keen observant eye saw imprinted upon that striking countenance more than any mere bodily illness, from which the stranger reported himself to have but lately recovered. The snares of death

might have encompassed him round about, and the pains of hell got hold of him; but they were those sorrows and pains such as the Psalmist himself had gained such deep experience of, rather than any physical affliction which had engraven those strong signs there.

It was truly, as a great writer of the day has expressed himself, "the mournfulest face that ever was seen—an altogether tragic, heart-affecting face. There was in it, as foundation, the softness, tenderness, gentle affection, as of a child; but all this, as it were, congealed into sharp, isolated, hopeless pain; a silent pain—silent and scornful. The lip curled, as it were, in a kind of god-like disdain of the thing that is eating out his heart; as if he whom it had power to torture were greater than the cause."

"The eye, too, that dark earnest eye, looking out as in a kind of surprise, a kind of inquiry, why the world was of that sort!"

Mr. Wynne had many questions put to him concerning the remarkable looking stranger, from the ladies of Glan Pennant, when they met the next day. All he could tell them was, that the stranger was perfectly unknown to him, that he had no idea even of his name; that he

now talked of leaving the neighbourhood early that week, but Mr. Wynne added, he was to call at the inn at ——, and hoped to find that he was able to persuade his new acquaintance to remain and explore a little longer the beauties of the vicinity, and at the same time, he slyly added, "give them a second benefit of his beautiful voice." The young ladies as slyly hoped their worthy friend might have his hopes crowned with success. And their desire was not ungratified. The following Sunday the beautiful voice once more made itself heard.

A great deal had taken place to change the tenor of Eustace Trevor's views and purposes during that one short week. Only too readily had he yielded to the parting persuasions of Mr. Wynne, that he would at least extend his stay beyond the day he had mentioned as having been fixed for his departure. Nay, even as he turned his horse's head back towards ——, had the yearning desire diffused itself through his heart, that instead of that hopeless, homeless, outcast fate to which he had devoted himself, it could have been his lot to find a little spot of earth like that in which this day he had first performed the duties of a pro-

fession he had once thought to commence under such different circumstances—a spot, from the spirit of beauty, innocence, purity and peace, seeming to breathe around, as contrasted with that world—that *home*, from which he had been driven, appeared to his imagination scarcely less than a little heaven upon earth, a different sphere to any in which he had yet existed.

But this was but an imaginary suggestion—a dream-like fancy which vaguely flitted across his mind, ill accordant with his dark and bitter destiny. The very next day his new friend called. They rode out again together, and one or two such meetings only served to strengthen between these two men, of such different ages, characters and circumstances, that strange and sudden liking which is often found to spring up between two passing strangers of to-day, as necessarily as flowers expand from bud to blossom in the course of a few sunny and dewy hours of one vernal morning. As much then was elicited from Eustace, as revealed pretty clearly to the other the purposeless circumstances of his present position—

> "A bark sent forth to sail alone,
> At midnight on the moonlight sea."

Why not then, like himself, be content to tarry in the little haven of peace where Providence had guided him? Why again return to drift at large upon that lonely ocean?

Eustace Trevor shook his head with a melancholy smile, though at the same time his pale brow flushed at the suggestion.

"That cannot be, my good Sir," he said, "unless at least you can guarantee for me such seclusion in this wild and lonely region of yours as accords with the peculiar circumstances of my case. You will be afraid of me when I say, that it is my wish to conceal my place of destination from every person in the world, beyond these mountains, to whom my name could pos sibly be known."

Mr. Wynne paused at first, with a look of surprise; but after for a moment steadily fixing his eyes upon the noble countenance of Eustace, he exclaimed:

"Not at all, not at all, my dear Sir. I am quite satisfied with believing that you have the best reasons for such a course of conduct; that misfortune, not any fault of your own, has reduced you to such an alternative. And I can assure you, you have come to the right place

for getting rid of old friends or enemies, whichever they may be; for during the twenty years I have been settled here, not one of those of whom I formerly could boast has ever found his way unbidden over these impregnable barriers; so set your mind at rest on that score. Come and stay with me at my hermitage, till such time as you see fit; and then, if you tire of the company of an old fellow like myself, we can find you out another as secure."

"My dear Sir, this kindness on your part is beyond the expression of mere common thanks. Alas! were it only possible that I could avail myself of it; but the facts connected with my present position are of such a peculiar nature, that unless you are made fully acquainted with them, it is impossible that you can rightly appreciate the extent of security I desire; and yet, though your confidence, thank God! is not misplaced, those facts are of such a sort as make it almost impossible for me to reveal them. At the same time, of your generous trust, which has not yet allowed you to seek enlightenment even as to my name, nothing would induce me to take further advantage. Either I leave this place to-morrow, or my

incognito, as far as concerns yourself, must be removed."

"And why not, if that is the only alternative which presents itself, tell your sad history to the old man; what then? In his breast it will lie as safely buried as if you committed the secret to yonder lichened rock. You are young, Sir; you have written in your countenance that which bespeaks you one of a higher order of intellect and capacity than befits this narrow sphere; but yet for a time, till this storm is blown over, tarry here."

We need not pursue word for word, step by step, the relation, with the issue of which my readers are fully acquainted. We have only to say, that Eustace Trevor finally confided his whole history to Mr. Wynne, under the strictest promise of secrecy; and that the good man listened with the quiet, unwondering spirit which spoke his knowledge of that world lying in wickedness, or rather, the desperate wickedness of the human heart; and whilst clearly perceiving the morbid nature of the feelings which had prompted the victim of such wickedness to so extraordinary a course of proceeding, the interest of his own romantic mind was but the more

excited; and keenly he entered into every plan which might facilitate the detention of Eustace, taking upon himself to have, accompanied with all secrecy and silence, every arrangement made necessary to his comfort and convenience. Even with regard to the assumed name the latter saw it expedient to embrace, and to which he did not see any objection, Mr. Wynne came to his aid.

He had once, many years ago, a dear friend named Edward Temple, now no more—by such he should be known for the present, and under that appellation he should yield him any voluntary assistance in the duties of his profession as might accord with his taste and inclination. So then it was arranged, and under these circumstances the so-named Edward Temple became established at Ll——.

CHAPTER XXIII.

I never thought a life could be
So flung upon one hope, as mine, dear love, on thee.

N. P. WILLIS.

No sooner did old Mr. Majoribanks learn from the rector that he had prevailed upon Mr. Temple to fix his residence amongst them, than he was anxious to pay the stranger every possible attention and civility, calling upon him to invite him to dinner, or do anything that might contribute in any way to his comfort and happiness. But Mr. Wynne was obliged to subdue this impulse of hospitality, making the good old gentleman and his family to understand that Mr. Temple being driven, by some heavy private affliction, to the alleviation of his sorrows by solitude and seclusion, the kindest thing would be, for the present, till the poignancy of his feelings should be softened by time, to refrain as much as

possible from crossing his wishes in this respect. The inmates of Glan Pennant, in the most delicate manner, respected and carried out these instructions; so that, by some gentle and gradual attraction, rather than by any outward effort on their part, did the recluse seem finally drawn towards them in more close and intimate communication; till finally, he became not only, as at first—the silent and secret minister to all those little schemes of charity and benevolence the young ladies had so much at heart—but also their personal assistant and supporter.

Often during the time they were thus thrown intimately together, did Mr. Wynne, like others perhaps besides, think it could not be but that the lovely Selina Seaham, the flower of Glan Pennant, as the good clergyman was wont to call her, would charm away the sorrows of that noble heart; and as for the impression Edward Temple might make on that young lady, he thought it was a case decided. However it might have been on that latter point, we have seen that our hero's heart escaped the predicted spell—although in other ways he might esteem and admire the fair lady—and how another charm had secretly enthralled him.

* * * *

It had been in no slight degree startling to Eustace Trevor to discover the relationship existing between the Seahams and his friend de Burgh; and at first it had nearly determined him to leave the place, lest in any way this fact should tend to his betrayal. But Mr. Wynne soon made it his business to ascertain for his satisfaction that no such chance existed.

Glan Pennant was not visited by any of the young ladies' relations, and never had been for many years. Even the wedding of the last married sister had been unattended by any of them, and indeed it was very rare that regular visitors of any sort came to the place. Sir Hugh Morgan occasionally had a friend or two in a bachelor way, whose society was not much in his line, or likely to consist of any of Eustace's former acquaintance, being generally natives of his own country.

So far Eustace Trevor's mind was set at rest, though still the fact of the relationship haunted his fancy as a strange striking coincidence. Little did he divine all that this coincidence was destined farther to comprise. Little did he conceive when in his solitary rambles after his

settlement at Ll—— he sometimes chanced to meet that young and gentle girl, who had so attracted his interest and attention that first Sunday in the gallery of the church ; sometimes tracking with fond alacrity the footsteps of her brother to some lake or mountain stream—or seated in some shady dell, or on some heathy hill, with her sweet smile and dreamy eyes bent upon her book—or plunged in pensive reverie—little did he divine what dream, or rather the mere shadow of a dream, his appearance might chance to dissipate.

It may appear unnatural, that during those few years of acquaintance with one so worthy to win the love and admiration of a mind like Mary Seaham's — under circumstances too, which, considering the nature of her disposition, might have seemed peculiarly favourable to produce that end — no corresponding sentiments had been awakened in her breast towards Eustace Trevor.

Indeed, we scarcely think it likely this could have proved the case, had the feelings she inspired in his breast been earlier made apparent; but it must be remembered that Mary was very young when Eustace Trevor first came to

Ll——, that he arrived too, arrayed in attributes exactly suited to banish from a mind like hers any ideas connected with that of love.

The mighty sorrow of which Mr. Wynne had spoken, and which sat so plainly written on his beautiful countenance—every superior excellence of mind and character, more intimate acquaintance only served to heighten—had conspired to render him, in the estimation of the young girl's child-like, but high-toned mind, as one of that order of beings towards whom reverence and admiration were the only feelings to which, without presumption, one like her could ever dare to aspire.

There was, besides, a distant melancholy reserve in his manner, she imagined, more apparent in his bearing towards herself than to her sisters, which still more effectually contributed to produce this effect; while her sisters, on their part, although equally enthusiastic in their admiration of their new friend, were much more inclined to look upon him in the light of a common mortal like themselves—one indeed for whom it would have been no such great stretch of presumption to entertain feelings of

a less exalted character; though the careless youth of the one put all such considerations out of the question, and the good sense of the other stifled any rising inclination of her heart to bestow its affections—when it became too soon plainly evident how little chance existed of winning a corresponding return—from him who, two years after his arrival, calmly assisted in the ceremony which united her to the young officer, who had proved himself less invulnerable to the powers of attraction she possessed. Yet far was Eustace Trevor from being naturally prone to coldness and insensibility on a point like this; he was one

> "To gaze on woman's beauty as a star,
> Whose purity and distance make it fair."

And fair indeed did it seem to him, when on his night of darkness it shone forth with so bright and clear a light as in the daughters of Glan Pennant. But that light to him must be indeed far distant, for the morbid sensibility with which he contemplated the dark features of his past history, cast its blasting influence even over this purest and most natural point of his heart's ambition; and mournfully

he would silence any allusions his friend would venture to make upon the subject.

His was not a fate he could solicit any being, blessing and blessed like those fair girls, to share; and sadly would he seek to quench the feeling which, day by day, year by year—as the gentle excellence, the sweet attractions of Mary Seaham were more and more developed—gathered strength within his heart.

This it was which made her deem his manner cold and distant, in comparison with that he evinced towards her sisters. Little did she imagine how the spirit of that noble-minded man bowed down before her mild, unconscious might; how, if he turned away coldly from her soft words and timid glance, it was because he feared their power might draw forth a manifestation of that he had vowed to himself to conceal—

> "I might not dim thy fortune bright,
> With love so sad as mine."

No—we see he kept his secret but too well—so well, that not only the object herself, but even his anxious and much-interested friend Mr. Wynne, never suspected a truth which

would have given him such unfeigned delight.

A year before the period at which our story opens, and soon after performing, to his no great satisfaction, the marriage ceremony for his lovely young friend Selina Seaham, the worthy man had left Ll——; yielding at length to the persuasions of his friends that he would, according to the advice of the medical men, try the effect of a year or two's sojourn on the continent in alleviating his troublesome and obstinate, if not mortal, complaint.

An efficient substitute had been found to fill his place. Eustace Trevor also remained, as we have seen, continuing to render those services which, year by year, had only been the more valuable and distinguished—services never to be erased from the memories of that little flock, with whom, during his ministry amongst them, he had rendered himself equally honoured and beloved. But the following year, as we have seen, brought events of no small importance to the fates and fortunes of the principal personages of our history.

The determination of the Majoribanks to leave Glan Pennant, the marriage of Agnes

Seaham, the peculiar nature of Mary's circumstances; and how, consequent on those events, finally influenced by the last consideration, Eustace Trevor in that momentous interview on the heathy hill's side—casting his future hopes of happiness on one die—gave way to the long-checked, long-concealed impulses of his heart, and poured forth his tale of love upon her startled ear. Need we recapitulate the sequel, "How pale the startled lady stood" on the borders of that green and silent hill.

It was too late to open before her eyes the treasure which had so long been within her reach. He had failed to touch that chord, by which alone the heart of woman can be moved —Mary's heart so pure, so good, was yet a woman's. What, that for months and years devotedly he had lingered by her side, loving her in secret with a love so fervent and so deep, she had remained insensible to that hidden spell; whilst one glance from the stranger's dark eyes—one low thrilling tone of his flattering voice had sufficed to pluck away her heart. But so it was, and so it oft-times is; and there is little need to tell again how Eustace Trevor, his last reed broken, his last ray of light extin-

guished, turned away to seek his sad and silent home—

"The shadow of a starless night,"

thrown upon that world, in which henceforth he must move so desolate and alone.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Thou too art gone—and so is my delight,
And therefore do I weep, and inly bleed,
With this last bruise upon a broken reed.
Thou too art ended—what is left me now?
For I have anguish yet to bear—and how?

BYRON.

As may be supposed, the peaceful vale of Ll—— from this time forth became an altered place to Eustace Trevor. "There are places in the world we never wish to see again, however dear they be to us." Such to his disappointed heart was Mary Seaham's deserted home, and every spot in the vicinity haunted by associations connected with that loved being. Yet he lingered, pursuing his former avocations, partly from principle, partly from the painful pleasure thus afforded, partly from the anxious desire to remain upon the spot, where alone he could hope to receive tidings of his lost one.

A strange restless foreboding had been excited in his mind from the first moment that he had heard of Mary's intended destination; and it was this, no doubt, which in a great measure urged him to take the decisive step which had proved so unavailing. Not of course had he in any way embodied the real nature of the misfortune his ominous fears presented; that event would indeed have seemed a coincidence too fearful to be conceived probable; but besides there being something most repellant to his feelings in the idea of that gentle object of his heart's unhappy affections wandering away into the sphere now so darkly associated in his mind —some presentiment of danger and sorrow to herself, quite unconnected with any selfish considerations, had darkly mingled. All through that summer then, whose brightness to him was gone; all that autumn too, till like his own fallen hopes, the yellow leaf lay thick around, "and the days were dark and dreary," he stayed; then—then—had reached his ears, at first by vague and dull report, tidings which froze into the very ice of winter the life-blood in his heart—"Miss Mary Seaham was going to be married to a very rich and handsome gentleman

of those parts ; and his name—yes, that was it—he would have thanked Heaven on his knees, had it been any other name on earth—that name. It came with terrible exactness, that name was "Eugene Trevor." Then, indeed, a dreadful feeling of horror, of despair, assailed him. His cup of bitterness was full; could malignant fate do more to crush him ?

Mary Seaham, the wife of his brother ! Of him who had dealt so treacherously by him, who without cause, had proved himself his deadly enemy. *His* wife ? nay his victim. Another angel victim, of coveteousness, tyranny, and vice. It must not, nay, it *should* not be ; anything—everything must be done to avert the sacrifice. In a word, every other consideration was at an end. He left Ll—— and went to London ; there he traced out that faithful servant to whom we have alluded, and through him took steps to gain a too sure confirmation of what he had heard, and besides that, many particulars concerning the mode of life of his brother, during the interval of their separation, which only served to invest with fresh horror, the idea of his union with Mary.

His course was taken. He wrote to his

brother the momentous letter, which turned the current of poor Mary's bliss.

"When you and I parted, Eugene, nearly five years ago, it was with the sole determination on my part, never again to seek communication with a man who had acted as none other, than *a brother,* could have acted, without drawing upon himself the just retribution on my part, such conduct so justly deserved, I mean the public exposure of its villainy to society—to the world. But as it was—more in sorrow than in anger—sorrow which in the estimation of those less scrupulous and sensitive than myself, might have been deemed carried to a morbid and irrational extent—in sorrow of heart, the bitterness of death could hardly surpass, sorrow and amazement that such perfidy could exist in one I had loved as my own mother's son; the impulse of my grieved and wounded spirit prompted me to act in a manner exactly the reverse. My determination had been to repair to some distant foreign land. But mere accident, or I should say, hidden Providence, ordered it otherwise. I spent the winter in a wild unfrequented part of North Wales; and on leaving that, was taken ill at a small town, some

miles distant. A few weeks more and circumstances caused me to fix my wandering steps in a secluded valley, where for the few succeeding years I assisted the clergyman of the place in the duties of his profession, and in conformity with the course of conduct I was pursuing, under the name of Edward Temple. Does this give you any clue to the motive of the present unwelcome communication? Have you ever heard that unfamiliar name pass the lips of her, whom report tells me you are to make your wife—the lips, I mean, of Mary Seaham? if so as it would have been but natural, she may have further spoken, and told you of the love she had inspired in that same Edward Temple's breast; and you smiled, no doubt, in pity at the disappointed ambition of the country curate. Eugene, now indeed, I own that you have honourably won that—to which, in comparison, all that by wrong and treachery you ever sought to rob me is as dross indeed, in my estimation—the love of as pure a heart, as angel-like a spirit as ever breathed in the form of woman. But this, Eugene, must suffice you; here your triumph must end; unless, indeed, you care to

prove your affection by a stronger test than I imagine it would be able to stand; for at once I come to the point, and tell you Eugene, that I cannot suffer this concerted marriage of yours to take place, without a powerful effort on my part, to avert it—to save the pure and gentle being whom I shall ever love, from the fate that marriage, I feel, must ever entail upon her.

"That it springs from no bitter feelings of disappointment or rivalry, on my part; but is as disinterested in its nature, as if I had never loved Mary Seaham but as a brother might have loved a sister, God truly knows; but it would be throwing words away, I fear, to attempt to convince one like you—in whose imagination the possibility of any such purity and disinterestedness of motive cannot exist. Well, interpret it as you may—only break off this engagement, which, from what I hear of the sentiments of some of her friends, will not be so very difficult. Break it off, and for what I care, the world may still think me mad; for what I care, you may still retain the position you now hold—so much as it appears, to your own satisfaction and con-

tentment—in the eyes of society. Refuse to do this, and I come forward, and ask the world —ask her friends—ask Mary herself, whether a man who had acted as you have done, is worthy to be her husband; and then, I am much mistaken, if when that delusive veil, which now robes her idol, be thus withdrawn—she, yes, Mary, does not shrink with horror, from what is there revealed.

"Spare yourself, Eugene—spare her—spare her pure eyes, her innocent spirit this exposure. You will say, the alternative is as cruel—that her affection is too great to bear the destruction of her hopes, without such pain and grief as none who really loved her, as *I* profess to do, would willingly inflict.

"This may be—her love may be true, and deep. The tears she may shed at its destruction be bitter—time may be required to heal the wound. But were these tears to swell the ocean's tide, or the wound to prove incurable, far better even this, than to live the life—to die the miserable death of your father's wife—of her husband's mother!

"And what in your career, Eugene, even setting aside that one crime, with which I am

personally concerned, is there, which can ensure her any better destiny?

"No; your mode of life during the last five years, I have taken measures to ascertain. Can you deny that it has been one long course of sin, of profligacy?

"One dark deed, followed by atonement and remorse, might have been less baneful to her happiness, than the systematic career of vice you now habitually pursue.

"What more can I add; but that I shall expect your written answer. I feel assured you will, no less than myself, desire, if possible, to avoid all personal communication. Direct to the General Post Office, London, where, till I am assured that my object is properly secured, I shall remain; and now, Eugene, farewell! God knows, that everything in the terms and substance of this letter, which may appear dictated by a harsh or threatening spirit, springs rather from the wretched circumstances of the case, our most unnatural and unavoidable position, one towards another—not from the temper of my mind towards you. Heaven be my witness, that I would gladly give my heart's blood at this moment, to discover that the past was

but a horrid dream, and that now, as in years gone by, I could without fear, that the very air would repeat the words in mocking echo, sign myself,

"Your affectionate brother,

"EUSTACE TREVOR."

CHAPTER XXV.

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat;
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.

SHAKSPEARE.

It is not necessary to describe with much detail the effect produced by this letter, on the mind of Eustace Trevor, or the mode of conduct he pursued in the emergency.

We have already made the reader acquainted with the half measures he pursued—the crooked paths he attempted, in order to extricate himself from the threefold difficulty in which he found himself placed. His answer in the first instance, to his brother's first startling address, had been of that character which

usually marks the tone of the offender, when the injured one dares to rise up and interfere with his ill-deserved security, and ill-earned joys; but though in language fierce and vindictive, he might appear to set fear and threatening at defiance, there was too much implied acquiescence, in the power these threats exercised over his mind—in the testy assurance which accompanied his reply (how far true we have seen) that his marriage was not in any such immediate question as Eustace seemed to imagine—that his father's state of health rendered it an affair of most uncertain termination—till finally, a second letter from his brother, brought him, at last, to declare in terms, the bitterness of which may be well imagined, that he had put off his marriage *sine die*, in further proof of which, he was to hold no further communication by person or letter with Mary Seaham;—he then hoped that Eustace might be satisfied, and that he would have left England.

That he might prevail on Mary to consent to a private marriage, was now probably the object of Eugene's mind. For to relinquish, without a struggle, any acquisition on which he had

set his heart, would have been contrary to his nature; and then there was the probability of his father's death, securing to him so large a provision, rendering him in a pecuniary point of view, independent of any threats his brother might please to put into execution; for as far as Mary was concerned, he relied too much on the power he had gained over her devoted, gentle affections, to fear that any accusation brought against him by his brother, would influence her against him. Eustace might then claim his own rights, and he would not dispute them. Nay, Mary once his own, he reckoned too much on that brother's, (in his heart, acknowledged generosity of spirit,) to fear that he would persevere in carrying out his threatened, and in that case, unavailing exposure. It was in this light, probably, that he viewed the case, when Eugene first came to London. Eustace, too, we find, had not left town. Either he had been led to doubt the truth of his brother's protestations, or was unable to resist the temptation of lingering where Mary was, when he could again, and for the last time, perhaps, hope to catch a passing glance of her sweet face, —pale, sad, and changed, since he had last seen

it—but better thus to his mind, than bright and glowing with that dangerous infatuation by which she was to be allured to certain misery.

We will not deny that Eustace Trevor's feelings and course of conduct on the occasion, may seem carried to a morbid, some may almost deem, an unwarrantable excess. But then it must be remembered, that all his lifetime through,

"From mighty wrong to petty perfidy;"

he had suffered enough to bring any man of his sensitively high-pitched tone of mind to this extremity.

There was one point especially, which had become the ruling power of his mind—that phantom which by night or day—haunted his imagination. The remembrance of his mother: her wrongs and misery.

"A potent spell, a mighty talisman,
The imperishable memory of the dead,
Sustained by love, and grief, and indignation,
So vivid were the forms within his brain,
His very eyes, when shut, made pictures of them."

Could he then image forth another? She

who had filled up that yearning vacuum in his bleeding heart, the death of his mother had occasioned; imagine her, such was the horrid fancy which had taken possession of his mind—picture Mary entering that same house—assuming that same position—the victim of the same evil influences to which she had been exposed. The thought would have been one almost to turn his brain, had he deemed it not to be averted. As it was, the suffering that its very idea had caused, was sufficient to produce that change in his appearance, on which Arthur Seaham had commented, when to gain more certain information concerning his sister, Eustace Trevor had visited him at the Temple; a change, which no former griefs and trials, dark and dreadful though they had been, had in so striking a manner been able to inflict. For man is Godlike in his strength—his spirit may sustain him under burdens it were otherwise difficult to bear—but touch only a chord—break only a tie which binds him to a woman's delicate love,

"And his strong spirit bendeth like a reed."

On Eustace's return from the visit to the

Temple, he had proof positive of his brother not having kept his pledge, in one most important respect; for he saw the lovers together, and the painful interview between the brothers was the consequence—the issue of which we need not recapitulate.

Another day, and Eustace Trevor had turned his back upon the English shore, to track the footsteps of his friend Mr. Wynne in his travels on the continent, still retaining the assumed name of Temple; and Eugene in as short a space of time, was again breathing freely his accustomed atmosphere—a London world.

We do not mean to say that his love for Mary Seaham was so soon forgotten—that love which for the last few months had exercised a purer and more softening influence upon his spirits, than any other feeling, perhaps, had ever before effected.

It was still like some soft, sweet, dream of night, which often haunts and mingles in the thoughts and actions of the day; and his marriage with the gentle Mary, the settled purpose and intention of his heart.

But the smooth course of that love had re-

ceived a check—met with a disturbing force—his love had not quality or strength to overstep.

This to a worldling is a dangerous test; for love to him is but "a thing apart." There are so many other resources wherefrom to drain, when that one silvery stream of life is checked or troubled.

Why then not plunge into these broad abounding waters, which will bear him on, no matter how turbid be their depth beneath the glittering surface—no matter where, but on only—on too smooth, open, too unrestrained a course. As to the stability of his feelings with regard to Mary, Eugene felt little doubt his affections had been called forth to an unprecedented degree. For the first time in his life, he felt what it was to have his desires fixed on an object, in every way worthy of esteem.

"Pure, lovely, and of good report,"

and a new and wonderful fascination had been the effect produced upon his mind. Whilst under its immediate influence, he had seemed to exist in another sphere, to breathe another atmosphere, to have become a new creature;

and he had contemplated his marriage with a calm, tranquil delight, as the completion of a still more certain renovation and transformation of his existence.

Its untoward interruption, therefore, had provoked and disappointed him beyond measure—beyond even the fear and inconvenience of those serious consequences into which the circumstances of the case had otherwise threatened him. Irritated and embarrassed by the trouble and perplexity in which the affair involved him, we will not say, however, but that in the end this one year's certain postponement of his marriage, as decided in his interview with Arthur Seaham, had not in a great degree relieved his mind in the emergency. In one year, as he had said, much might happen to change the aspect of affairs. At any rate breathing time was afforded, in which he might, without danger to himself, indulge in the consciousness of knowing that a tender heart was all his own. For the sequel time would provide.

In the meantime what had he to do, but to pursue his former career, and hush the voice of conscience in the excitement of the crowd.

"To follow all that peace disdains to seek,
Where revel calls, and laughter vainly loud,
False to the heart, distorts the hollow cheek,
And leave the flagging spirits still more weak."

That the mind of man need indeed be more than human to withstand such counter-influences has been well tested.

"Amidst such scenes, love's flower too soon is blighted."

* * * *

What different courses marked the existence of Mary Seaham and Eugene Trevor, during the lengthened interval which is to follow, may easily be imagined—different as the streamlet's course through the quiet valley, to the river's, rolling its darkened waters through the streets tumultuous of defiling cities!

Let us then, now that our less pleasing task is accomplished, restrain our footsteps as much as possible to the streamlet's course; that is to say, in the ensuing pages, let us follow more closely Mary Seaham's career than that of her lover's.

"Not through each devious path, each changeful year of existence,
But as a traveller follows a streamlet's course through the valley:

Far from its margin at times, and seeing the gleam
of its water
Here and there, in some open space, and at intervals
only;
Then drawing nearer its banks, through sylvan glooms
that conceal it,
Though he behold it not, he can hear its continuous
murmur,
Happy at length if he find the spot when it reaches
an outlet."

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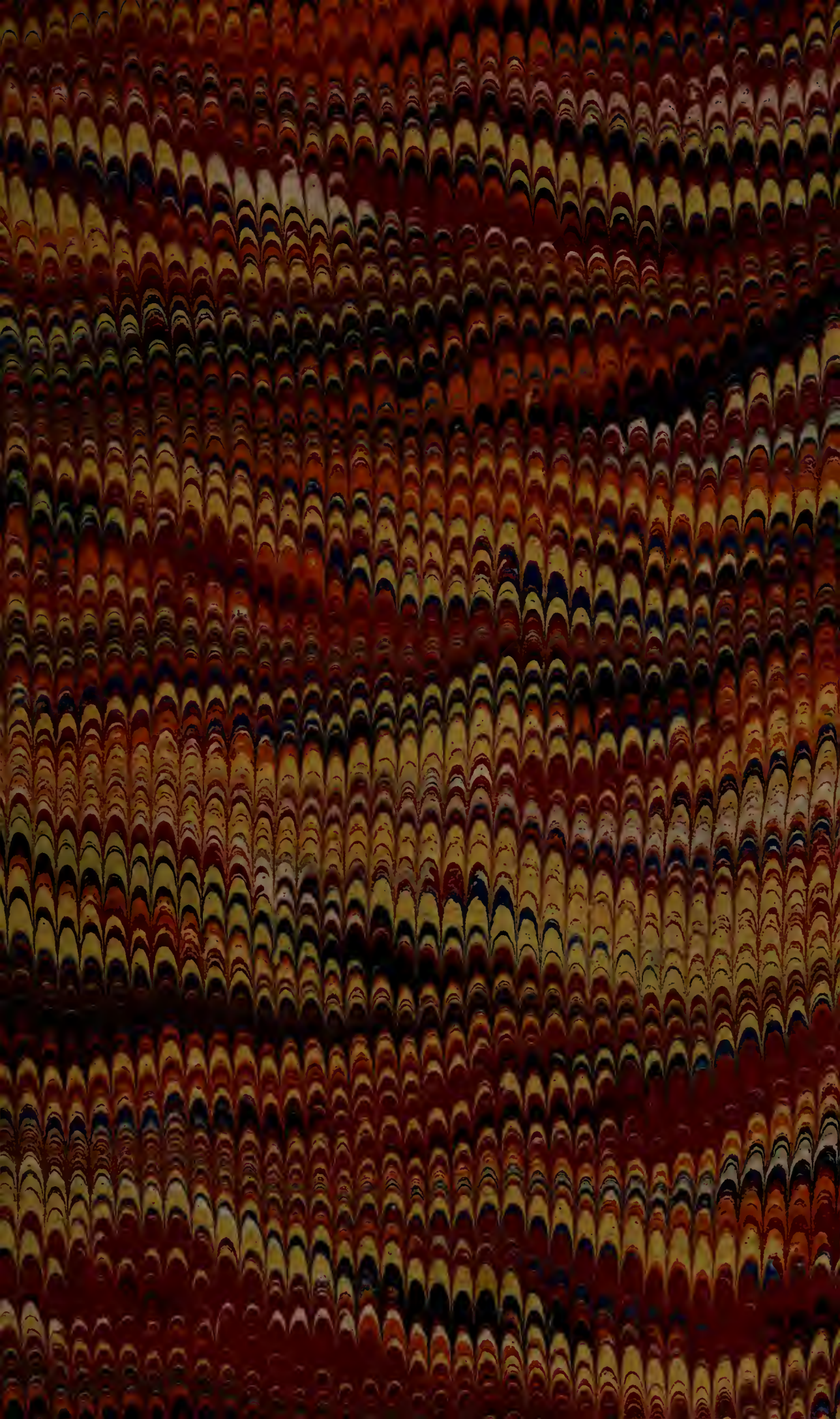

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